

Over 100,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

OCTOBER 18, 1947

PRICE

3⁰⁰

wex

IF THE RECIPE SAYS "BUTTER & FLOUR" I JUST USE **Bakeo** PASTRY MIXTURE!



READ
THIS
LETTER!

Maxam's Baked Pastry
Sydney.
Dear Sir,

I would like to offer my congratulations to your firm, for the manufacture of such a wonderful product as "Bakeo Pastry Mixture". It has proved a great help to the housewife in these trying times of butter rationing. You advertise its use only for all kinds of pastry, but I feel that I must pass on to your firm, what delicious steamed puddings it makes, also baked apple sponge or sponge topping for any hot fruit "Bakeo Pastry Mixture". They are just as light as a feather. I pass these facts on to my friends & they are thrilled with the results too. I wish Maxam's Baked Pastry continued success. I am,

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. F. Noon

London St.
Blacktown N.S.W.
18th July 1947

GET
THIS
PACKET!

Bakeo SOLVES THE BUTTER PROBLEM!

Thousands of housewives have discovered the remarkable versatility of **BAKEO**. Not only does it make the most delicious pie-crust in a few minutes, but, as Mrs. Noon states, it fills the bill perfectly in every recipe which requires butter and flour. Save your precious butter coupons . . . save time in the kitchen . . . be sure of baking satisfaction every time with **BAKEO**—the original, time-tested Pastry Mixture!



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GROCERS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

HUSBAND FOR FRANCESCA

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

MARK CRANE hoisted his white eyebrows up half a dozen wrinkles and regarded his niece, Francesca, irritably. "I hope you told Simpson's boy coming home to dinner. If you didn't, I'll be trying out Thompson's Tasty Tummy Powder, or whatever that wretched digestive stuff is we're in process of advertising."

Francesca unpeeled green suede gloves dreamily. "I did."

After five minutes of unadulterated silence, Mark looked up again from his evening paper. "Give with the long and lonesome, relative," he emitted.

"Nita Johnson sat me next to an ex-boy-friend of hers and mooned over us all through the luncheon to day," stated Francesca, selecting a cigarette thoughtfully.

"What d'you go to that moron's luncheons for, then? As I recall, you leashed picnics when you were a kid; what makes you think you might like them transferred to Billie's Basement?" retorted Mark.

Francesca sighed. "Mark, I work hard for you, making beautiful pictures—even of creatures like that down-grade model, Nita—don't I?" "Hm, yes," Mark Crane was quite aware that, due to the fortunate fact that her late mother had been his sister, he was in possession of one of Sydney's ace advertising camera-women.

"Well, I'm a woman, too, and just occasionally I like to step out and see what the world looks like the other side of a lens. But it's getting so I can't avoid being matched up by some designing matron . . . like . . . like an old stocking."

Mark put down his paper and eyed her curiously. "All of which means you've allowed your eyes to fall on some nice, inoffensive male, and are about to lend him altarwards."

"It seems a desperate remedy," Francesca said demurely. "But there are times when I really would like a nice, restful male escort, and you're not always available, darling." She sat on the arm of his chair. "Seriously, Mark, I've decided to get married."

"But, Fran, you can't just do it like that!"

"You never know," Fran smiled vaguely. "Anyhow, it would free me from my friends' eternal matchmaking."

"Don't let me rush you," drawled Mark curiously. "But did you mention anyone in particular as the candidate of your choice?"

"I didn't," said Francesca, not looking at him. "But I'm giving my mind to it. You know how I always back my hunches; something's bound to turn up." She rose.

At the door she turned round very casually. "What say to Phillip Horne—he's got glitter." She fled as Mark threw his newspaper at her mercilessly.

A month later Francesca brought Phillip home. Mark was sitting in his favorite chair, sipping his before-dinner sherry, to fortify him in doing battle politely with Francesca's cap-

ture. Beside his niece was a slim, tanned man, who came forward quietly.

There were a few grey hairs through the black at his temples, and a lean line to the mouth that made Mark remember that Phillip had been a prisoner of war after he had been shot down over Germany. He looked at the intelligent, humorous eyes appreciatively and thought, "I like him, the silly ass! But I wouldn't turn Francesca loose on my best friend."

He said, "Fran, mix some cocktails." He smiled at Phillip. "Forgive an old man his depraved clinging to dry sherry."

"Then I'm afraid we both belong to the unconverted," remarked Phillip, smiling back. "Is that sherry a special board, or may I join you?"

"It is a special board, but in consideration that you are a lamb brought to sacrifice, you may join me."

Phillip's smile did not fade, but his dark eyes rested for a minute on Francesca, busy at the cabinet, with an inscrutable expression. And Mark was idiotically pleased by that understanding and at the same time obscurely worried by the possessive look in those dark eyes.

In the weeks that followed, Mark, during sundry games of chess with Phillip on the evenings that Fran worked late, tactfully tried to wean Phillip from Fran, doing what he felt to be his duty to any man contemplating matrimony with a camera. But there was a quiet, sardonic persistence about the man that had foiled more people than Mark, so he got to work on Fran.

"It's not that I don't like Phil, except when he checkmates me three nights running," he explained. "It's that I like him too much. Also, you are no woman for any man to be husband to, Francesca."

"I do believe you're jealous!" purred Fran.

"Likewise, I feel there's going to be a battle royal, and you'll come to grief on that charming but dentable chin," continued Mark, ignoring her.

"Rubbish!" said Francesca dryly.

Notwithstanding Mark, they were married in March. They departed from the city for three days, all Fran declared she could spare. At the end of them she bounced back into Mark's house with an urgent look.

"Did Nicky get that shaving cream ad lined up? I'm frothing with ideas."

"Have a nice honeymoon?" asked Mark ignoring her query.

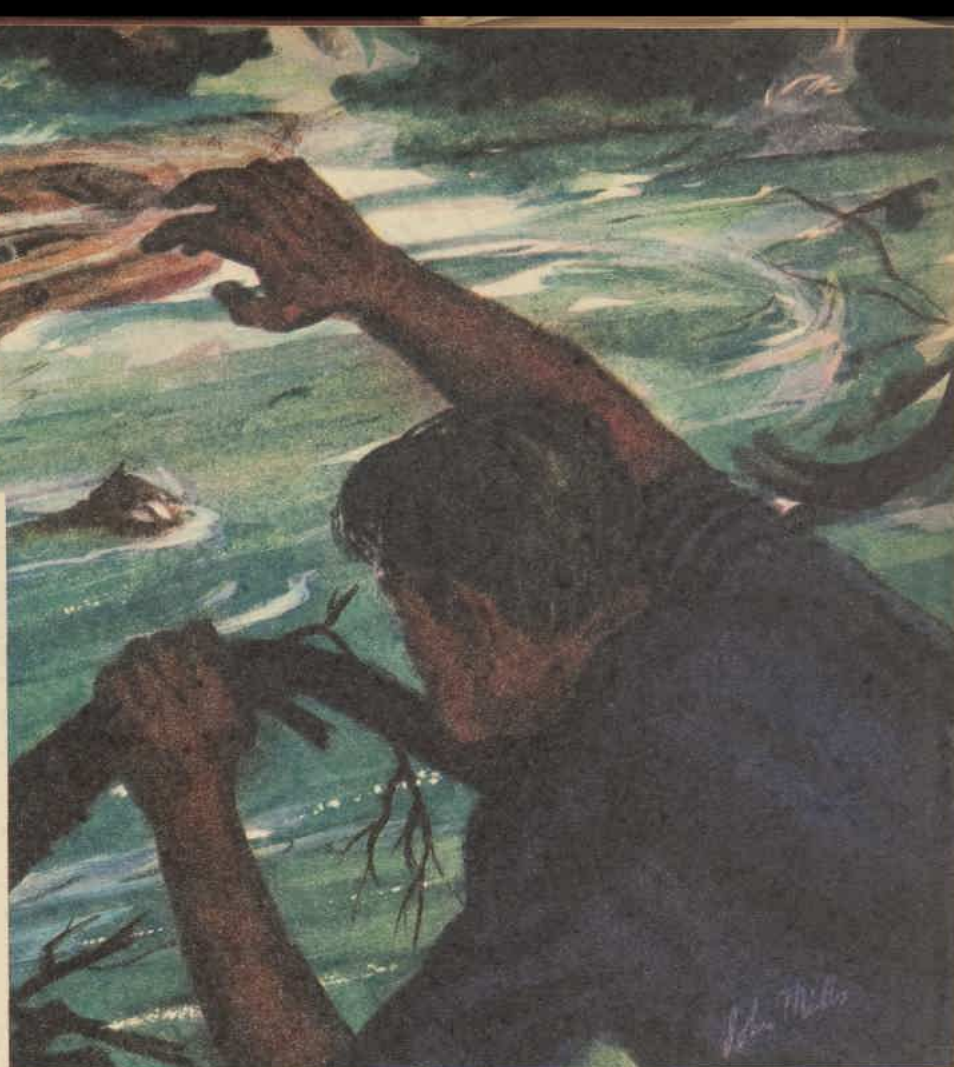
"Nothing idyllic," answered Fran coldly. "We golfed. Phil and I understand each other. That's all about it."

"Does Phillip know?" queried Mark politely.

"Know what?"

"That he's past tense, except when you need an escort?"

"Ye . . . es," said Fran, avoiding his eyes. "But sometimes I don't think I understand men. About that ad?"



She was pushing desperately with the oar, unable to hear his frantic, shouted instructions.

Her voice threatened to ice over at any further query. Mark resigned himself to the inevitable at the moment.

"Well, Smithson's not too sold on the idea. Got his own ideas and so forth."

"I love 'em," grinned Fran. "I'll go and tell him so. Ta-ta, Mark!" She started for the door, swinging her handbag.

For a fortnight Francesca was too busy with Smithson to notice much, but at the end of that time she began to notice Phil round town a lot with Nita Johnson.

She promptly embarked on a round of rather brittle gaiety herself for a month, and at the end of it she remarked bitterly one night to Mark. "Who does he think he is, anyway?"

"Who?" asked Mark, dodging back behind his paper.

noticed you're the perfect husband."

"I could be," admitted Phil modestly. "but you've spoiled her. She is, possibly, the most inhuman woman I'll ever know." He paused and turned the glass thoughtfully in his hands. "But I love her, you know."

"I guessed that was the reason for Nita," Mark said easily. "No man could put up with that perfect face and that nauseating ego for so much of his time unless he had an ulterior motive. By the way, I've guessed something else, too."

"Have you?"

"Your wife's in love with you."

Phillip drowned his incredulity in a cloud of smoke. "What gave you that idea?"

"Well," reflected Mark, "she swears at you under her breath whenever I accidentally mention you. She has worked up a fierce dislike for Nita. She forgets to read the papers at breakfast and annoys me with elaborately surreptitious inquiries as to whether I've seen you around."

Phil put down his glass. "Fran forgetting to read the paper really is something. She read all through breakfast on our honeymoon. But I don't know what we can do about it."

"We've got to attack this thing with system. The great point is we've got to get her to admit she loves you; would like nothing better than to spend the rest of her life pouring milk over 'Krunchie Wunchies' and balm over your troubled soul."

"Lovely picture," smiled Phillip sceptically, remembering Francesca's hands moving over the breakfast table like vague water-lilies over a pond, while her eyes stayed glued to a newspaper. He continued to remember them. The plain gold ring on the third finger of the left waterily glinted at him

scornfully. He smiled slowly, calculatingly.

After a couple of minutes Mark stubbed out his cigar and grunted. "You have developed the air of a man who has either solved his income tax assessment or is about to sit down to a large plate of steak and oysters. I take it you have some unimportant idea for solving the difficulty yourself."

Phillip looked at his watch and got up. "Not being in advertising, my ideas on human psychology are not particularly well nourished. On the stock exchange we use ticker tape instead. Still, I have decided I have a mortgage on your beautiful niece and . . ." He smiled at Mark engagingly, "and I'm going to foreclose. Don't worry."

Phillip met Francesca coming from the office. He opened the door of the car and kissed her as perfunctorily as it was possible for him to kiss Francesca. He said, "You look tired."

She smiled one of those sudden endearing smiles that alighted through when she was absent-minded. "I am. Quite a surprise for you to be here at this time."

"I was just passing," he murmured vaguely, trying not to look villainous.

"Well, I feel filthy. Be a pal and take me somewhere for food and drink, Phil. It's Simpson's night off." She tugged her hat off and let her head loll back against the seat, and the breath and spirit went out of her in a little puff of weariness.

Phillip slid the car into gear and noticed how pale she was, the shadows under her eyes, the tobacco-stained fingers. And because he loved her, a little surge of tenderness made him almost give up his purpose.

Please turn to page 4

Heavenly Beauty for You



Through the delicate transparency of fragrant Three Flowers, the warm colouring of your own particular skin-tone is given charm and flattery.

three flowers

FACE POWDER

Also Lipstick, Rouge, Cream, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder.



Creations of Richard Hudnut.

They cost no more than ORDINARY saucepans!



LANRAY

THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADERS IN ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS

SAUCEPANS • FRYING PANS • CUTLET PANS • OMELETTE PANS • BOILERS • BREAD BINS • STEAMERS, ETC.

BUILT FOR ENDURING SERVICE

At all leading department and hardware stores

DISTRIBUTORS:

LANRAY INDUSTRIES LIMITED
11-17 HARGRAVE STREET, SYDNEY

Husband for Francesca

Continued from page 3

PHILLIP drove on. She had fallen asleep. Presently he drew the car up slowly and pulled over her his old mackintosh because the bush air was growing damp.

She woke up presently and flung the coat off with distaste. Then her eyes took in the dim landscape, hanging dimensionless in the wind-screen like a stage backdrop.

"Heavens," she exclaimed, "we must have been driving for ages. Where are we?"

"Out Watchetty way," he murmured.

"Oh . . . but that's miles."

"Not so far."

"It's miles, you . . ."

Phillip jammed on the brakes and took a deep breath. "If I say it's not far, well it's not far, see?"

She turned and looked at him puzzled for a minute, then she said fiercely. "Now, look here, Phil, if you're trying any of that 'Taming of the Shrew' technique on me . . ."

The corners of his mouth twitched. "I'm sorry, Rabbit. I never did get past 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'." He started the car up. She folded her arms, stuck out her lower lip, and said nothing further.

Eventually they came to a cottage with a large boatshed at the river mouth. Phillip, opening the door, said sternly to Francesca. "Get

manage. I'll only bring the camera. Everything else can wait till the morning."

Feeling it safer not to cross her all the way, Phillip reluctantly agreed and started on the fire. She patted his shoulder as he bent over the little pile of wood by the stone fireplace. Then she set off down the path, smiling to herself.

She found her way to the motorboat. Along the shore, the lights of other cabins winked at her as she undid the rope from around the rock and peeled off her shoes and stockings. By dint of juggling the heavy boat back and forth, she moved it farther down the little strip of sand until the water washed it.

The bottom was lolling now on wet, muddy sand. She caught her breath and gave one last long push and jumped in, as a wave caught the prow. She had to work fast, because any minute Phillip might get suspicious about the time she was taking. She picked up the strap and threaded it under the wheel, pulling viciously.

She nearly broke her arm with the kick, and it didn't work. She tried again, easing the wheel backwards a little first. This time the motored opened up.

Blessing Henry and his meticulous care of his engines, she dashed back to the tiller to turn the boat before it shunted forward to the beach. Miraculously it came round easily enough.

She had observed that Phillip hugged the island closely as he came round the corner, so presumably there was a channel to be watched for. She knew a little about motor-boats



"Anyways, I still got that bananer shortcake I et."

out!" Francesca looked at his grim profile and smiled coyly.

A tall old man and a short, jolly-looking woman came out and there were mutual greetings between Phillip and what turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, owners of the boatshed. Then Phillip said, "And this is my wife."

Francesca smiled at them, too. She had a tingling, not unpleasant feeling that Phillip might try some swashbuckling type of violence. He didn't. He hauled out her camera and paraphernalia from the back of the car and held it genially and carelessly over the river, while he talked to Mr. Sykes.

Francesca nearly swallowed the cigarette, got out, and almost hurled Phillip, Mr. Sykes, camera and all into the water in her enthusiasm for the rescue.

Henry Sykes provided a motorboat and they started away. After a while, Fran said, "Just as a matter of interest, where is this fishing shack of yours? China?"

Phillip pointed. "See that blob of black out in the middle of the bay? That's an island, and the shack's there. You can see a few dim lights along the shore."

Eventually they reached the island. They went up a winding bush path. The shack looked really quite comfortable. Fran decided. She must spend a week-end here some time.

"Make yourself at home," Phillip said. "I'll carry your stuff up from the boat and then I'll make a fire. D'you like cocoa?"

"Mm," she shivered. "I'm cold. You make the fire now and I'll get the stuff, my sweet." She reached up and kissed him on the cheek.

"You won't be able to manage it in the dark with all that junk."

"You're rather forgetting your part, aren't you? Of course I can

though she had never been alone in one before.

The wind came scudding into her face as she rounded the bend, and the lights of the shore glimmered nearer. She heard Phillip thundering down the path, waving and shouting at her. She grinned uncertainly.

Then she realised that the boat seemed to be going too fast. The current caught it slantwise as the wind whipped her black hair loose across her face, blinding her for an instant. She felt the nose of the boat dive and stick sickly. The stern came whirling round crazily.

For the first time in her life, panic seized Francesca. Suddenly it was dark and cold and at the back of her stretched an uncomfortably large expanse of open sea. Faintly, she could still hear Phillip's voice yelling above the noise of the wind and the motor.

Then, quite suddenly, he appeared round the bend standing on a low rock. He took one swift look at the band of water that separated them and yelled something to her, leaning forward and clinging perilously to a tree branch.

She shook her head as the wind carried his voice away into chaos. He kept shouting instructions as she grasped the oar and began to feel over the side with it, but she heard nothing and the oar grounded on soft, yielding mud.

When she looked up again, Phillip was in the middle of the channel between them, swimming strongly against the current. She watched him agonisedly, her knuckles pressed against her teeth. He swam on, inch by inch gaining on the boat.

At last he flung a hand up and tumbled over on to the bottom of the boat. She grasped him gratefully, but he flung her back and darted to the engine.

Please turn to page 10

Beauty Story

FOR YOUR HAIR by

eugène



A softer, prettier PERMANENT WAVE

You can depend on Eugene for the safest and most beautiful wave you have ever had. Genuine Eugene waxes eliminate frizz and dry ends and make curls soft, adaptable and long-lasting.

EUGENE

ACTOGENE

Hair Reconditioning Cream

Dry and brittle hair will regain softness and lustre with this scientific reconditioning Cream, which is specially beneficial before a new perm. Massage into scalp and hair after shampooing.



EUGENE

CHATELET

HAIR FRICTIONS

In nine exquisite perfumes

The final touch of loveliness is to give your hair the exquisite, lasting perfume of Chatelet. Choose the fragrance you love best and let it combine the virtues of setting lotion, dandruff corrective and scalp frictions.

eugène

Sole Distributors — All States
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.

EX/97

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



- 1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
- 2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
- 3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
- 4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
- 5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabric.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Also in 5/6d. jars. Distributors:
Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm and he is inappetent, give him BARKO Condition Powder. BARKO Condition 1/6 All Chemists Powders.

ONLY A GUEST

By . . . E. WILLIAMS



EVELYN PRINCE stood with her hat on, one hand holding the telephone receiver, the other brushing a fleck from her lapel. "Many thanks, Alma," she was saying, "but we can't to-day. We're just leaving to go and see the boys." She impatiently listened while Alma talked on. "Yes, you're absolutely right, Alma. But we go on Sundays. Parents' visiting day at the school you know." She listened again, putting her hand over the mouthpiece and grimacing. "It's only Alma," she said in a loud whisper to her husband. "And just when we're in a hurry."

Dr. Rex Prince hovered over his wife's desk, looking down at the enormous leather-covered engagement-book that lay open upon it. He flicked over the pages, all of them all the way from January to October filled with the clear, precise handwriting. Suddenly he laughed aloud.

Evelyn glanced at him sharply. "Alma, Rex is waiting. I'll ring you some other time." She hung up. "What amuses you so much?" she asked her husband.

He continued to flip over the pages of the engagement-book at random. "What kind of rat race is this?" he asked her, grinning. "Would you like me to examine your appointment-book?" she countered, frowning. She went quickly to his side.

"It's like reading someone else's mail," she objected. She looked down at the book. Open before him was the page headed July the tenth. It was blank except for an enormous pencilled X crossing it off and the one word "Rex" written obliquely in the centre. She flushed.

"That was the day you came home," she said, slapping the book closed. "Shall we go?"

He surveyed her with that cryptic, blank look that doctors wear when sizing up a new patient. "You gave me a whole day," he said.

Being late served to cover her confusion, but as they drove off she had a feeling of haste round her heart. She settled in the car, drawing in deep breaths in a deliberate effort to relax.

"Tell me," her husband said good-naturedly, "do all housewives have a schedule of hours laid out for themselves like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like your calendar. Budgeting your time. Everything scheduled, day by day, hour by hour."

"Your house is very well run," she said, "and you know it."

Indeed, the house was beautifully run. When, after special war service in England, Dr. Prince had returned home, he had found the garden as trim as ever; the roof in good condition; the car running smoothly though it was five years old. There were fresh curtains in the living-room, a much improved arrangement of the furniture, his journals, filed immaculately, all according to date.

He had found a new, handsome dressing-gown on his bed, recent photographs of the two boys in their school uniforms on his bedside table, a new commodious table that had replaced the tiny contraption he had always complained of. And his wife, her dark hair swept up now, was shining and sleek as ever, her figure as slender, her clothes as smart, as inevitably hers.

Everything for his comfort was anticipated. All as usual, only more so.

Three Sundays a month they made this trip to see the children. On the fourth Sunday the children came to them. While he had been at the war the Sunday journeys had not seemed so tedious, Evelyn reflected. But now, sitting idle in the car, a weariness came over her.

"It may be sunnier later," she said, in an attempt to break the wall of silence between them, reflecting, even as she spoke, how ridiculous it was that a woman should use the weather as a topic of conversation with her husband. But ever since his

**Time and love are gifts,
not things to be earned
or rationed, Evelyn found.**

return there had been this strange self-consciousness between them.

"Are the fogs as bad in England as they say they are?" she asked. There she was speaking of the weather again.

"Yes."

"You're rather difficult to talk to this morning."

"Am I?" He roused himself. "Yes, the London fog is just as they say it is. But so is the beauty of the English countryside. If you have a taste for that kind of country in that kind of weather."

"Did you have a taste for it?" she asked idly.

"Yes." He slowed down before passing a trailer that was carrying a beautiful, blanketed black horse. "That place I described to you—Markham House—old oaks, intimate hills, so green."

"That would be your friend Lady Brigid's place?"

In his letters he had frequently mentioned Lady Brigid, who, it seemed, had worked very hard at the hospital. Evelyn had imagined Lady Brigid as the English dowager so written about in novels, rather eccentric and lonely, residing in a pile of grey stone overrun with ivy.

But when Rex had come home he had brought with him some snapshots of himself with Lady Brigid, who, it turned out, was a fairly pretty woman in her early thirties, a Dunkirk widow. In the picture she was wearing low-heeled walking-shoes and a sloppy sweater and she stood small

and smiling before an imposing stone facade that was the entrance to Markham House.

"I wonder," Evelyn said, thinking aloud, "how a mass of house like that is run. What are the mechanics? I wonder."

"There are stewards—housekeepers, I suppose."

"And Lady Brigid is free to walk among the hedgerows in sweater and tweeds," Evelyn mused.

"How nice. I'd like it."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," he laughed. "You'd be walking among the kitchens and cupboards. You love your work dear. You'd miss it."

Evelyn moved her eyes over her husband's profile. She wondered if Lady Brigid might not have had a romantic feeling for him.

In the days immediately preceding his return home, Evelyn had been apprehensive of what changes she might find in him. She had taken great pains that there should be none in her, and outwardly she found Rex little changed: a more pronounced greying at the temples, perhaps, and out of his uniform looking less tall than she had remembered.

But there were intangible changes in him: a greater reticence, an almost small-boy shyness about the house.

As for herself, after two years of living alone in a manless house, a husband had a way of seeming only a guest—of being almost, at times, a crowd. Especially in the mornings when one was most occupied.

One morning when he had first returned he had wandered into the hall, and finding her busy there at the linen cupboard, he had stood, a quizzical look on his face, watching her count and arrange the house-linen. Inexplicably, she felt that she had been caught in a most unbecoming role, that he was seeing her as a petty hoarder of possessions.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she had asked, stepping back almost apologetically, and taking an over-all view of the piled sheets and towels and pillowcases, arranged in neat rows.

"Neatly filed," he agreed. "But let's do something to-day." His tone had implied that what she was then doing was highly trivial. "Let's go for a picnic or something."

"It's not very warm for a picnic," she hedged.

"We'll find the sun somewhere."

"But, Rex, I've got a hair appointment," she told him.

"Cancel it."

"But look at me!" She touched her hair.

"I can't see a hair out of place."

"It's very dirty, and appointments are so hard to get. I'd have to wait another full week. You don't know how hard it is these days to get the simplest chores done. Besides, I've ——" That blank and clinical expression had come like a cloud across his eyes.

Please turn to page 23



BASIC BEAUTY . . . for a carefree spring!



PAYOLA



SUNNY



JOAN



MOCCASINA



LOAFER

Your Bedggood retailer has
ARCHLOCK shoes in Multiple
Fittings. Though production is
limited, stocks go forward
at fairly regular intervals



Gay, young styles to bring Spring to your feet . . .
to put Spring in your Step! Designs that are
light-hearted and lovely - in shoes so perfectly
fashioned that they fit with the ease of a glove and
cushion you against every jar. Bedggood
ARCHLOCK Balanced Construction is the scientific
reason for that care-free feeling that lends wings to
your feet. Bedggood craftsmanship is your
assurance that every shoe is sturdily built for
superlatively active service.

And then HE WENT AWAY



"I hate that guy! Hate him!"
Bill declared passionately.

MARGRIT KROLLER, American-born Swiss girl, is desperately seeking news of "Mac," crashed American airman whom she helped to evade internment. He had planned to return and marry her at the end of the war, but she has had no further word from him.

BILL ANTHONY, American sergeant on leave from the Occupation Army, helps her to try to trace "Mac." He checks particulars of his plane at the American Consulate, then together he and Margrit find the bicycle on which "Mac" rode away at the house of a Dutch painter, VAN HOOGEN. The man, however, denies all knowledge of any American.

Meanwhile, to the great agitation of CONRAD KROLLER, Margrit's stepfather, mysterious events occur around the Kroller home, which has a lonely setting on a high plateau. There is a burglary, lights appear unexpectedly in the home of DR. RUEGG, their only neighbor, at a time when the house is known to be empty, and Bill is fired at one evening in the library.

Conrad Kroller throughout has seemed suspicious of Bill, and that night, on her way to bed, Margrit overhears her stepfather telling her mother that he would like to send Margrit away to her aunt at Lausanne.

Now read on:—

IN the morning Margrit remained in bed late to avoid any broaching of the subject of a visit to Lausanne. Her stepfather would be departing at his usual time for the bank, and she knew her mother had an eleven o'clock appointment for a fitting at the dressmaker's.

As soon as she heard her mother leave she threw off the eiderdown and slid from bed. Bill might telephone at any moment, and she wanted to be dressed in case he might want to meet her to dis-

cuss something unearthed in the police record covering Van Hooogen.

When she went down to breakfast she found a note from her mother on the dining-room table. The yarn shop had called. They had some yarn she had been wanting, but she had better make her selection at once, for it would be sold quickly.

"Better go before lunch," the note concluded, "and try to match that blue for me."

Before she left she telephoned where Bill was staying, but learned only that he had gone out some time ago. There was nothing for it but to go, and to make the trip as rapidly as possible, hoping not to miss Bill's call.

The yarn shop was down on the Platz, near the express station of the tram cars. The shelves of the tiny place were still poorly stocked, but it had a bright and lively air, with lithographed fashion plates of knitwear on the walls and a canary in a yellow cage. At the counter a squarely built woman was examining a heap of scarlet yarn.

"This will do," she declared as Margrit entered and the bell above the door tinkled. "I want to make another sweater for my brother's little girl."

"You are very good to your family, Fraulein Brenner," the plump little woman behind the counter observed approvingly.

The customer was Dr. Ruegg's housekeeper, Margrit realised, and just then Gertrud glanced back, recognised her, and said, "Grüssi, Fraulein Kroller." Margrit returned the greeting, smiling politely, and picked up a little knitting magazine, and leafed through it.

"I am blessed with a good family, you see," Gertrud replied to the shopwoman's previous remark. "Four good brothers who have married four fine girls."

"You are indeed blessed, Fraulein."

"Of course one expects Swiss girls to be good, loyal wives," Gertrud had raised her voice in an emphasis now heavily tinged with malice. "They are not like the women of some countries, running about the house in trousers, trying to appear as young as their grown

daughters, and even leading their husbands to such doubt of their faithfulness as to drive them into keeping watch on them."

"You are speaking, of course, of Frenchwomen." The little woman behind the counter nodded, patting the dyed fringe on her forehead.

"Nie. Not necessarily Frenchwomen."

Why, she means Americans. She was talking about my mother, the nasty thing. She hates her for being so young and pretty, Margrit thought. She closed the magazine and slammed it down on the counter with an air of angry impatience.

"I'll be with you at once, Fraulein," the shopwoman said hastily. Gertrud picked up the yarn she had selected, stuffed it in her embroidered shopping bag and departed, with a guttural good day.

Margrit made her purchase, and hurried back home as quickly as she could.

As she entered the chalet she heard voices in the parlor. She found her stepfather and her mother there with Aunt Sophie, her stepfather's eldest sister, who had come to lunch.

Aunt Sophie went out very little, fancying herself now as a semi-invalid. But as a girl she had attracted attention as a mountain climber,

To Margrit's surprise, her stepfather resisted this good Swiss argument. The house would be too small, he objected. He needed a private room in which to work in the evenings.

Aunt Sophie sniffed. "But Margrit, surely you would like it?"

"I'm like mother; I couldn't bear to leave our view." Suppose, just suppose, that Mac should return, that he should come to the chalet and find it empty and shuttered! "I like being so close to the Elsbahn, too," she said.

"All you think of is skating and skiing. You can ski on the top of this house some day, if much more snow piles up above you. The way it is now the side of that cliff looks ready to topple on you. There were cracks along it last summer. I always said this was a verrucht place to build a house." She regarded the three of them with her shrewd old eyes, a blunt forefinger pressed thoughtfully against her nose.

"There's something queer about the lot of you to-day. You behave as if the reason each of you is giving so emphatically is not the one. May I have some of the rose hip tea with my lunch, Eleanor?"

They were finishing their dessert when the telephone rang, and the maid came in to announce that the call was for Fraulein Kroller. As Margrit put her napkin down on the table she caught her stepfather's eye, and remembering the remarks she had overheard last night she knew that he suspected that the call was from Bill, and that he was not pleased.

She closed the dining-room door behind her carefully as she went out to the telephone.

"Hope you weren't at lunch," Bill's voice said apologetically.

"I'd just finished. Did anything develop at the police bureau?"

"Not there. Van Hooogen's record appeared to be O.K. He had his legal permit to be here. But they sent someone over after the Consulate explained the situation, to question him about that bicycle. He had scrambled."

"Disappeared, you mean?" Her hand closed tightly over the solid base of the phone. "Run away?"

"That's right. He had cleared out last night. He left the paintings, but he took all his personal stuff."

"He must have gone right after we were there." She could feel the implication of that fact tingling in her nerves, as though it ran through them from the electric wire. "That means that you scared him. He knows something about what happened to Mac!"

"It looks that way. Anyhow, the police are trying to find him. They'll let the Consulate know if they pick him up. But they—" Bill hesitated. "Look here, I'd like to talk this over with you before I shove off. I'm booked to take a train out at ten."

"To-night!" she exclaimed, and she was aware of the dismay in her voice and sorry for it, because certainly he had sacrificed enough of his leave to search for Mac. "I mean—it seems a sudden decision, that's all. Of course, you've already given too much time to trying to find—"

She didn't finish the sentence because a floor board creaked in the hall. She had been too absorbed to hear the dining-room door open. She told Bill hastily that she would call him back in a little while.

As she put down the receiver, she saw her stepfather in the doorway. One hand held to the lapel of his dark banker's coat. "Who telephoned you just now?" he asked quietly.

"Wait! Nageli," she answered and

instantly regretted her reply, for she had never lied to her stepfather, and she knew the lie and her regret were in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't believe that." His eyes, regarding her steadily, were like clouded coins slipped into sagging pouches.

"You've always been a romantic girl, with a head easily filled by nonsense," he resumed. "You are being misled, Margrit. Oh, I know that in the beginning he appealed to you by reminding you of your American birth. But he is not what he seems and not what he tells you. I know that. You are not to see him again."

Margrit felt her cheeks burn with quick anger. How could her stepfather have taken such a violent dislike to Bill?

Not knowing about Mac, he must have assumed that Bill was remaining in Zurich and calling and seeing her because of a romantic interest. But even if that had been so, her stepfather had no reason to talk as though Bill was some kind of villain or wolf in sheep's clothing. Bill—with his shy grin, his sensitive mouth, his grave politeness, and rough little tendernesses.

A defence of Bill just now, however, would probably only arouse her stepfather, so she merely said stiffly, "I'm not exactly a child of sixteen. I think I can follow my own judgment." She would make no further pretence that it had not been Bill on the telephone.

"Very well. But let me say this. If you telephone him I ask you to warn him to stay away from this house. To-night and any night. I want you to tell him that precisely, do you understand?"

How absurd this was! She wanted to say impatiently that he was being a parent out of a Victorian novel. She wanted to demand furiously that he state his objections to Bill. But the expression on her stepfather's face had changed abruptly from one of cold determination to something resembling a weary sorrow.

"I have treated you as my own child," he said. "You—this is a great shock to me." He turned abruptly and crossed the hall into the parlor, where Margrit could now hear her mother and aunt talking together.

Margrit telephoned defiantly as soon as her stepfather returned to the bank, and arranged to meet Bill on the Parade-platz.

Waiting for the change of traffic at the corner, she caught sight of him standing, with an unconscious symbolism that gave her a guilty pang, by the window of a tourist bureau full of posters of electric cars whizzing through tunnels and skiers slalom down white mountainsides.

He had his back to the window, and in the way he stood, with a sag to his shoulders, his head sunk slightly forward, there was the mute eloquence of dejection.

Her heart suddenly crossed the Platz ahead of her. She could feel it leave her body, go out to him in a rush of aching tenderness. He had been thinking so much about her loss; he had been so reticent about his own and it was so new.

When she crossed the Platz, when she caught up with her heart, she would say to him, "Bill I know you're unhappy and I want to be your friend. I feel as though you're the best friend I ever had. Please let's talk about your mother. I think it would help."

When she reached his side he must have seen the compassion in her eyes and been aware of his mute betrayal.

Please turn to page 28

By **THELMA STRABEL**

and in an argument she always attacked with the fiercely determined air of making an assault on a face of the Matterhorn. She was attacking now, and she resumed after acknowledging Margrit's appearance.

"I tell you, if I am going to visit Anneli for a while it is the practical thing for you to move down into my house," she declared. "It is smaller and more convenient and you won't freeze in it as you do in this barn of a place."

"We couldn't, Sophie. Not now, not right now," Eleanor Kroller said, with something almost like alarm in her voice. Then she added more calmly, "It's really not so uncomfortable and I do love our view."

Aunt Sophie's expression indicated that she had scarcely expected a sensible answer from her brother's American wife. She attacked in another direction: "Du, Conrad, you will surely agree that I am right. It would save expenses too."

California's most colorful beach coats

There's a jauntiness . . . a gay holiday air about these smart new Pacific SUPERTEX Chenille Beach Coats that is typically Californian . . . and because they are made up in genuine American Candlewick Chenille they are as practical as they are beautiful. Washing as easily as a beach towel . . . and needing no ironing . . . they look smart and stay smart season after season without losing their slim-looking lines and summer-bright colorings. Both three-quarter and full-length models for you to choose from, at your favourite store.



WHITMAN

PACIFIC

Super-Tex
OF AUSTRALIA

Chenille



AUTHENTICALLY DESIGNED AND STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD!

PACIFIC CHENILLE-CRAFT PTY. LTD., HOLLYWOOD, SYDNEY, GOULBURN and NEWCASTLE

I MARRIED MY SECRETARY

Complete Short Story

By ...
J. ABRAMS



WITHOUT question, if someone had told me six months ago that Vivienne Connor was going to be my wife, I would have snorted. "What! And lose a good secretary? I should say not!" She was efficient without being officious. She was also charming and gracious.

There were about fifty dentists in Carville, and each one in turn tried to lure her away from me with offers of better pay and shorter hours, but she wouldn't leave.

Then came the memorable day. Vivienne had just finished powdering her nose preparatory to leaving the office.

"Don't forget to lock the door when you leave to-night," she said, "and be sure to turn out the lights."

"My dear Miss Connor," I replied laughingly, "I believe I am an adult and a man of intelligence."

"Don't bet on it unless you talk it over with me first," she said, and then I heard her heels clicking sharply in the corridor.

I muttered something about familiarity breeding familiarity and turned back to my X-ray films. And then I heard those sharp heels in the corridor again. The door in the waiting-room opened, and I heard steps in the next room.

"Did you forget something, or are you just snooping?" I called out. "I beg your pardon!"

I dropped the film and looked round through the open adjoining door. It wasn't Miss Connor. It was somebody entirely different. She was tall and pretty in a sort of faded way. "Too much make-up," I thought as I looked at her. "Probably on the stage."

But I said, "Are you looking for someone?"

"I'm looking for Dr. Drake," she said. Her voice was throaty and resonant, and I knew I was right about her being on the stage.

"That's me," I said brightly.

"I'm so glad," she said. "I was afraid I was going to miss you. But this is the only time I could come. Would you have time to do some dental work, doctor?"

"It is a little late," I said hesitantly. "Couldn't we make an appointment for the morning?"

"To-morrow morning will be too late," she said.

I shrugged my shoulders. "All right." She followed me into my office and sat in the dental chair. "What seems to be the trouble?"

She pointed to her upper central incisor. "I want it pulled," she said. "Hmmm," I said, examining it casually. "Maybe we'd better have an X-ray."

"I don't want an X-ray. I want it pulled."

"But it seems a perfectly good tooth," I protested. "You don't want me to pull a good tooth."

She nodded. "That's exactly what I do want, doctor."

I shook my head. "Maybe you mean the lateral incisor right next to it. That looks as if it needs some work. Um-hmmm, looks pretty bad."

"Dr. Drake, you don't seem to understand. This is the tooth I want extracted."

"But it doesn't need extracting," I knew it doesn't. I'm having it pulled for a bet."

"A pretty foolish sort of bet," I mumbled. "Don't know that I ought to be a party to it."

"Please, doctor," she pleaded, using the dramatic school technique. "If it isn't pulled to-night I'll lose my bet. And," she added, putting emphasis on every word, "the stakes are very high."

"Very well then," I said, and set to work.

"How much do I owe you, doctor?" she asked when it was over. I told her, and she gave me her cheque.

She studied the receipt carefully, then put it securely in her purse.

"Thank you, Dr. Drake," she said, "you don't know how good you've been to me." And then she added cryptically, "But you will."

She was gone before I thought of asking her what she meant by that last remark, and it was a week before I found out.

Vivienne usually arrived at the office early in the morning. She dusted the furniture, opened the windows, and sorted the mail. She greeted me caustically on that particular morning with a sort of contemptuous sneer. "You certainly need a guardian," she said.

"What have I done now?"

For answer she handed me a letter adorned with a letterhead, announcing that Barker and Barker, attorneys, were well versed in matters legal and could be reached at any of a dozen or so telephone numbers. I hurriedly glanced over the contents of the letter, but gave up when I saw that the sense of it was obscured by too many "whereases" and "parties of the first part."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It has to do with a lady named Carmen Lajoie," she said. "Ever heard of her?"

I shook my head.

Vivienne looked at the letter again. "Evidently," she said coldly, "Miss Lajoie has heard of you to the tune of a few thousand. She's suing you for it."

"But what for? I never even heard of her."

"You pulled one of her teeth."

"I pulled lots of teeth," I admitted.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," said Vivienne Connor, "except that you pulled the wrong tooth!"

That's when the dawn came up like thunder, and I saw the whole sinister plot in all its fiendish facets.

Miss Lajoie was working a racket, and I was the victim. She had merely to cross her shapely legs, weep softly, and declare that she had trusted me. For evidence she had the extracted tooth, my receipt, the bad tooth adjoining the one I had pulled, and a woman's helplessness.

I sank into a chair and mopped my brow which had suddenly become moist.

"Miss Connor," I said, "this looks bad."

I told her what had happened. She listened attentively, saying nothing.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "surrender would be the better part of valor. If I lose the case my professional reputation goes with it. Maybe I ought to settle out of court."

She rose and faced me furiously, her face white, her eyes flashing.

"That's exactly what you won't do!" she said. "You're going to fight that Amazon, and you're going to win!"

"But I haven't any evidence," I protested.

"You don't need any," she said firmly. "You've got me."

That's how I went into court. No evidence, no case, only with Vivienne Connor, righteous and proud at my side.

Messrs. Barker and Barker proved just as able as their letterhead implied. They wept and exhorted, raged and pointed accusing fingers.

The amount claimed was a small price to compensate for the mental anguish Miss Lajoie had suffered. And what of the lady's beauty? Disfigured, of course, by the brutal malpractice of the fiend who masqueraded as a man of science.

Miss Lajoie sat forlornly dabbing her wide innocent eyes with a crumpled handkerchief, her legs crossed. Occasionally she smiled bravely, or appealed helplessly to Judge Tomkins to spare her the terrible ordeal of reliving those agonising moments in the dental chair.

My lawyer sat next to me making brief notes on a scratch pad, rising

to object once in a while, but otherwise not doing very much to earn his money. I nudged him.

"What do you think, Mr. Camber-ton? How does it look?"

He tapped his knuckles lightly with his pencil.

"Fifty-fifty," he whispered. "She hasn't much of a case, but neither have you. If only you had legs like hers we'd stand a better chance."

"What are we going to do?"

"Rely on Judge Tomkins' summing-up," he said. "Everything depends on the judge."

I looked up at the robed figure on the bench and shuddered. He was one of those serious little men who read "Torts and Contracts" on Sundays for relaxation. His chin rested on one hand, and one cheek seemed slightly larger than the other. Not much hope there, I reflected, and then I looked again.

One cheek WAS larger than the other! Judge Tomkins was actually in pain. He was suffering with toothache!

I leaned over and imparted my discovery to Camber-ton, "Hmmm," he said. "Interesting, but irrelevant."

Adjournment for lunch came shortly afterward, and Camber-ton, Miss Connor, and I went across the street to a nearby restaurant. My companions ordered everything on the menu, and I took a cup of coffee.

When a man is about to lose his accumulated savings and his professional name he doesn't feel like gorging himself. It had been several nights since I had had a proper night's sleep, and the very sight of food was a little nauseating.

"We're going to rely mainly on character witnesses," Camber-ton was saying. "Every dentist in town has promised to testify that your reputation is unimpeachable."

"No good," said Vivienne curtly. "Character witnesses don't mean a thing."

"Dr. Drake?"

I looked up. The court stenographer was standing at my side, his eyes shining with excitement. "Dr. Drake," he continued, "all is not lost."

"No?"

"Have you noticed," he whispered, after glancing round the room to make sure he would not be overheard, "that Judge Tomkins has a toothache?"

I admitted that I had.

"Then," he said, "wouldn't it help your case if you were to cure His Honor's toothache?"

"How," I asked, "would that help my case?"

"His Honor would be so thankful that the effect on his whole viewpoint of the case should be pretty beneficial, I assure you."

"That may be," I said, "but he hasn't asked me to treat his ache." The stenographer's voice grew more mysterious.

"He couldn't interrupt court proceedings and ask you to come into his chambers," he pointed out. "That's why he asked me to mention it to you."

I almost knocked the table over getting out of my chair. "You mean he wants me to . . . to . . ."

The stenographer nodded triumphantly. "It's your only chance," he said. "Of course, it's not ethical, but His Honor considers bad toothache to be so unusual as to justify an exception."

"Tell His Honor to hang on," I shouted. "I'm going to get my tools."

"I wouldn't if I were you," cautioned Vivienne.

"Why not?"

"What if something were to go wrong?" she demanded. "That would settle you for good."

"Don't be silly. What could go wrong?"

Des Conder
Vivienne walked away looking as she always did—competent, well groomed, and charming.

Please turn to page 31

Fair France Blends her Flowers for your **Exotiq** PERFUMES



Exotiq Floral Perfumes

(At left): Rose de France, White Carnation and Parma Violet... perfumes too languid to leave you... they last so long. Complete with smart new crystal plastic stand in colours of vermillion, azure and ivory. In neat floral box, cellophane wrapped... 12/6.

Exotiq Flower Perfume Extracts

(Above): Choose from Gardenia, Daphne de Luxe, or French Lilac. They linger so long to caress you lovingly.

Each will delight you in its special hand-made moderne box, daintily cellophane wrapped... 9/6

Exotiq Cologne

You will love the delightful "Exotiq" Eau de Cologne, "No. 6" Perfumed Cologne, Ice Cologne and Lavender Water. 1/3, 2/3, 3/9, 5/6, 7/3, 13/3, 25/-

PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

You're Smarter when you're Exotic!



Husband for Francesca

Continued from page 4

As he turned it off, Phillip roared, "Why didn't you turn the thing off? She's driving deeper into the bank all the time—it looks as if you'll have to spend the night here unless you intend to swim back with me."

She hastily swallowed the "Oh, darling," that had risen with the lump in her throat. He felt around with the oar and shoved.

"Shall I push with the other oar?" she asked.

"Shut up," he snapped. "You always did talk too much, and for heaven's sake keep still. The current's strong here and there's not much petrol in her. I don't fancy getting lost at sea, if you do."

She shut up. The tears came up in her eyes and dribbled down her salty face. How could she ever have married him, the bad-tempered wretch. She looked at the sea and shuddered, remembering his white face coming nearer to her in it.

It seemed hours before he started the motor up and brought it round. Francesca noticed he was heading away from the island and demanded timidly, "Where are you going?"

Crouched over the tiller, he laughed, "Madam, I'm taking you back where you belong, behind the

agitating the calories this time?"

She opened her mouth to say something and stopped. Draped over a chair was a pair of wet trousers. On one leg was a dark sticky stain. She swivelled round stiffly like an office chair. "You... you... when did you do that?"

"Leaping off the rocks in that romantic fashion, I suppose. I didn't feel it much—it was too cold," he grinned. He seemed to have completely recovered his good humor.

Something inside Francesca shivered up. She said, "I'm sorry. I..." she stopped and turned her face to the fire because her lower lip was quivering. "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I hadn't noticed you ever oozed with sympathy over me," he retorted. "If you're going to get that shot of Janus Ltd. at seven you'd better be starting, hadn't you? By the way, there are some biscuits and chocolate in the car if you get hungry. And... and don't drive too fast," he finished, trying to look as if this were an afterthought.

She picked up the camera from the table and hooked it over her shoulder slowly. She put one foot before the other very slowly in the direction of the door.

Behind her back a light came into Phillip's eyes as he watched the slowness of her feet. The light grew. He said coolly, "I don't fancy taking that boat back by myself in the morning and Henry can't come; he's expecting more business. Do you... have to go, Fran?"

He was unprepared for the speed with which the camera landed back on the table and his wife landed round his neck simultaneously, but he didn't complain. He was too busy telling her how his heart had thudded when he saw her out there alone in the boat, in between telling her other enchanting things concerning her personality and physiognomy which she didn't appear to find at all boring.

Only when a small log fell, smouldering, into the grate she got up to put it back and looked with mock severity at him. "What about Nita?"

"Well," he considered. "It'll be a wrench, but I think I can give her up, provided..."

"Provided what?"

"Provided you spend any time you can spare away from that camera keeping me faithful!"

She put the log back on the fire happily and bent over the couch to tuck the blanket in around him gently. He bobbed up and kissed her. "Rabbit, remind me to send a wire to your uncle in the morning."

"Oh?"

"Mortgage foreclosed stop set up the chessboard."

"What?"

"Just business, Mrs. Horne, just business. He'll understand."

They were both suddenly aware of Mrs. Sykes beaming on them from the door and Henry still scratching the back of his neck with his pipe-stem!

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



lens of a camera. I apologise for inconveniencing you. You can take the car back to-night if you like."

She bit her lip. "But Phil, I am sorry. I have to get a picture of Janus Ltd. to-morrow morning, and, after all, this jaunt wasn't my idea." Suddenly, helplessly, the tears started rolling down her cheeks again.

He didn't answer. When they reached the landing, Henry, astounded by their speedy return, came out in his pyjamas and tied up the boat. Fran walked into the cosy-looking living-room. Mrs. Sykes came downstairs with a brown flannel dressing-gown cuddling her kindly curves and put her arm round Fran when she saw her face.

"You'd better come upstairs. You look worn out. What happened, Mrs. Horne?"

For no reason in particular, Fran blushed at the "Mrs. Horne." She started to tell the motherly Mrs. Sykes some sort of story to explain their return and suddenly, due to the insidious warmth of the arm around her or the sight of a fluffy looking bed with a woollen counterpane, the long, lonely drive ahead of her seemed longer and lonelier.

Henry came up and poked his head in at them.

"Well, I've bedded Mr. Horne down on the couch by the fire for the night. He looks pale, but he's had a drop of rum. He'll live. You're going back to town, he tells me."

Fran said, "Live through what?" Henry scratched the back of his neck with his pipe-stem. "Well, he got a nasty gash in the knee. Lost a bit of blood."

Fran digested this slowly and started towards the living-room. Phillip, lying on the horsehair couch, watched her coming and sighed. "Hello, Sourpuss, what's



"The dentifrice I've always wanted!"

The New American Formula **LISTERINE** TOOTH PASTE SUPERCHARGED WITH



Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

Read these extra Appreciations:
"A story, 'The Button' (Les. 8), was accepted by the 'Argus'. They paid £10 (£5 per 1000 words) and asked for more of the same kind."
"During the time I was studying I had articles accepted by the 'Herald' and the 'Age' which cleared the cost of the Proseman Journalism Course."
"I received £4/15/- for my story in the 'Woman's Mirror'.
"I am sending Les. 3 for correction. My article, 'The Sphinx of Kung-ki Chase', which you advised me to send to 'The Bulletin', was accepted."
"I contribute to 'Smith's Weekly' every week and receive a monthly cheque for the total."
"My story 'The Master Touch', written for Les. 10, was accepted by 'Woman'. I received £4/4/- for it."
"Woman's Weekly' bought my first story ('A Case of Eggs') for £3/6/-."

100 Russell St., Melb.; 145 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 200 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

MAIL THIS COUPON — CUT HERE

To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.

MY NAME

ADDRESS

(A.W.W. 2147.) Age

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning, Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind, you get constipated, your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weak and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes that good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up."

Hamlets, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. N. & 1/3.

HAIR BOUGHT WIGS MADE

Orders Promptly Executed

C. HARMS

CAPITOL HOUSE,
SWANSTON ST., MELB.



TECHNICOLOR COTTONS...

for summer nights

● Red - and - white striped cotton makes the fichu neckline and deep border at the hemline of this cotton dance frock with fitted bodice and very wide full skirt.

● Designed especially for the young and lovely, the strapless ballet dress on the right is of candy-pink checked gingham. It has a shirred bust-line, wide flaring skirt, and charming sage-green check gingham stole.

● Cotton printed in a large and brilliant plaid is used for the dress on the left, which has a ruched neck and shoulder-line and a smooth skirt with a big full flare in the back.

● Bouquets of flowers printed on a fine sheer cotton make the evening frock at the left, with off-one-shoulder bodice, neck ruffle, and full gathered skirt with deep closely gathered flounce falling to the floor.

● Delightful version of the summer-cool, bare-top dress above is done in lilac cotton spotted in white, and the flattering little shawl is in the same print, only in lettuce-green for a perfectly contrasting color combination

● Lattice-patterned gingham is used for the dream of a dress, at the left, for a hot night. Serenely cool-looking is the square white pique collar. At the waist is tied a purple ribbon catching a cluster of field flowers and falling in long streamers.

Rams

Look Beautiful Always
... today and tomorrow

Loretta Young

shortly to be seen in
"THE BISHOP'S WIFE"
A Samuel Goldwyn Production



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look.



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying.



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching.



Do you want to add glamour to your beauty for to-day? ...
Do you want to keep your skin young-looking for to-morrow? Then try "Pan-Cake" ... the modern glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against sun and wind which often bring ageing signs to-morrow. And, remember, "Pan-Cake" Make-up was originated by Max Factor Hollywood for the screen stars, and is now the make-up fashion of millions.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

An Exclusive Formula Protected by Australian Patent No. 104082

AT CHEMISTS & DEPARTMENT
STORES EVERYWHERE.

Originated by Max Factor Hollywood



*Pan-Cake
(Trademark)
means Max
Factor Hollywood
Cake Make-up.

MF 18

DESIGNED FOR ELEGANCE



● Simplicity is keynote of beautiful white jersey evening gown, designed by GRES, with full skirt and an unusual midriff effect.



● Light green and white shantung is used by MAD. CARPENTIER to make a Princess gown with unending drape crossing at back and looping loosely around the shoulders and under knees.



● Material in the corsage of CHRISTIAN DIOR'S navy-blue satin gown is extended to form the bustle bow and ends of the skirt, which has a draped line in the front and severe bodice.



THE SECRETS IN THE 333 BLEND



STATE EXPRESS
333

"333's Always Please"



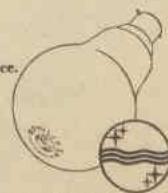
8790-7-47

Most razors need
spare blades...
all homes need spare lamps



Should a razor lose its edge,
It's annoying, we allege,
To realise a 'spare' could save his face.
With lamps it's just the same;
So everyone should aim
To keep some extra PHILIPS round the place.

PHILIPS
LAMPS



131

MADE IN AUSTRALIA



Cotton develops you a sm-o-o-th LINE

You quickly cotton onto Cole's method of building precisely calculated curves into his swim suits. The fabric persuasively forms your figure into long and lovely lines; it fits superbly with heavenly freedom. You'll find that Cole enhances your figure precisely where an inferior product sabotages it.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL—
YOUR PROOF IT'S A COLE



Cole of California Pty. Ltd., Box 4743, G.P.O., Sydney

THE BLUNTS . . .

Tough hombres and six-shooters

Written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

THEY didn't know I was listening, and I didn't mean to eaves-drop, but you know how it is when you unwittingly catch a flight of well-thought-out abuse, inspired by your own shortcomings, your just sort of get rooted to the spot against your will . . . and as always happens you hear no good of yourself.

It was like this—I was planting some beans . . . only because I had made some anti-rabbit enclosures out of jam tins, and I wanted to grow something to protect to see if they worked . . . and I was at work under the pantry window, which framed the ample torso of Mrs. Leaf, dashing away with a smoothing iron and placidly defending me against the monstrous accusations of my two sons.

Thus . . . "She's mean . . . Look, we never go anywhere, we never get taken to anything . . . other guys go to the picshers, you know, moving picshers, an' . . .

"An' circuses, wif lions, an' men getting shot outer cannons, I know 'cause it's in a book Taffy's got an' Nelephints wif Hide-outs on their back."

"Gee, Penny always gets things wrong, they're Hindons, aren't they? No, that's what the men are, they use how-doe . . .

"Shot up, fatty-puff, smartypants, you think you know everything in the world . . .

"Now, now," purred Mrs. Leaf, "She's mean errant," said Taffy, forgetting about the things elephants have on their backs . . .

"She says picshers are unheal-fy, but it's jest because she's too blasted stingy ter pay fer us. An' look at that guts Bobby . . . his mudder takes him at night an' he seen a film about cowboys . . .

"Yes, an' he's been to the skating, an' he's got a bicycle, a two-wheeler!"

"Yes, an' on Saturdays they got a Nuncle that brings them fireworks an' jelly beans . . . an' even if we had a nuncle ter bring us lollies, she wouldn't let us eat them before our lunch."

"Bush! Your mother's a fine girl," protested Mrs. Leaf in the most unconvincing voice.

"Puff! Girl, didja say? . . . I reckon she's the worst woman I know blispet ole Wormsey . . . an' I bet if she had a coupler little boys she wouldn't be so drowsy."

"How could she?" Penny asked coldly . . . "She's not married, and ya haf too be married to have two little boys . . .

"Tish, tish," said Mrs. Leaf, feeling that the conversation had taken an indecorous turn. "You go and get me me sprinklin' bottle . . .

an' if you was my two I'd tan the ide offer both of ya, talkin' about ya lovely mother like that."

Crouched under the window, I positively glowed, and bedded down the third bean.

It seemed that my defender wasn't going to get her sprinkling bottle after all. The boys, now thoroughly roused, enlarged on my pinch-penny habits.

"Look, she won't even take us to the Museum, an' that doesn't cost anything, it's the Government, they let you in free, see. . . Gosh jinks, if we don't go anywhere we'll be igger-norant as—as—" I wanted to shout "the pigs!" but didn't, for Taffy had found a word to fit . . . "Dunces!" he concluded triumphantly.

At this stage the good lady drowned out a little lecture, entirely innocent of aspirates, on the virtues of filial affection, and boys not knowing what was good for them.

They retaliated by telling her that I beat them to pulp, turned them into jolly well slaves, always took their pocket money back for fines, and kept them virtually prisoners in a little pip-squeak of a garden that you practically speaking couldn't swing Jobiska in.

Well, you might ask, what was I doing about all this? . . . sharpening my claws? Frothing at the mouth? Preparing the dungeon for a couple of tenants? . . . No, I wasn't . . . I was slumped there on the couch grass brushing away an incipient tear with a bean-filled hand, thinking what a rat I was.

Thinking back on that maudlin scene, I blamed the wistaria cascading, yet still like a painted waterfall. I blamed the one lonely daffodil pleading to the sun, and I blamed the hyacinths poignantly blue . . . whoops! but that's how it was that lovely golden midday.

With a grand gesture only equalled by the prodigal Jack of Beanstalk fame, I flung the colored seeds to the four winds, dashed to the amusements column in the paper, and scanned it hopelessly for a Suitable Film . . . which meant lots of blood and thunder, death and destruction, intrigue, and the final triumph of the goodies over the baddies.

I plumped for something redolent of purple sage, coyotes, and cactus . . . and keeping my eye on the inspiring wistaria lest I should falter in my philanthropy, I ran up a highly vitaminised lunch amid fiery protests from Taffy, who would have dearly loved sausages and mash, and said so . . .

With difficulty I kept the brazil-nut look on my face, for, to tell you the truth, I was seething with excitement myself . . . what a surprise they'd get, and I wouldn't tell them until we stepped into All Baba's cave . . . "Whacko!" cried my inner self, while my cold brittle external voice said . . . "Every shred of that lettuce . . . yes, indeed, and the fish . . . No, you can't eat the eyes . . . Jobiska may do, that's her own revolting affair . . . I know I'm mean, and I intend to be meaner before the day's out." "Ha, ha!" I snickered to myself, "if only they knew!"

Between the gate and the ticket-box the flame of my beautiful reso-



"Jeepers, Penn, we're at the picshers—"

lution flickered, and was well nigh drowned a couple of times . . . but the thought of those six-shooters, and the tough hombres, the brave horses, and the frightened ladies saved it from being snuffed entirely.

"Into the shower . . . anap to it!" I ordered.

"Gee, we aren't dirty enough why a shower? Gripes!!!"

"Your clothes will be on your beds . . . yes, clean clothes."

"Gripes, anyone 'ud think we was going out or somethink."

"Do as you're told . . . or else!"

Swiftly I flew from drawer to drawer, matching stockings, searching for safety-pins, and by the time the battling seals emerged from the swamp I was dressed.

The two very damp but albeit dirty creatures that sulked in the doorway just looked and shrugged.

"She's goin' out," said Taffy.

"Oo . . . phoo . . . best hat," said Penny, and mooched off mumbling.

From the bedroom came screams.

"Why our new jumpers? . . . Then we are going out?"

Then gloom descended, and I heard Penny whisper tensely.

"I bet she's takin' us to the dentist or to have our tonsils out."

"Aw, dope, we had 'em out. I'll bet we're going to have picshers of our ribs taken like I did, remember?"

"I bet it's somefink revolting for elococating . . . No, I bet I know . . . she's going to buy herself somefink, and we're going to Julia's . . . goody woody doody . . . That's my jumper!!!"

My restraint was admirable. Soon we were happily traversing the promenade deck of one of the more luxurious ferries and almost felt that any minute we'd be putting in at some strange port. The boys were quite carried away, and only occasionally remembered to ask whose tooth would be pulled out, and by whom, Miss Mussel, the cross lady dentist, or Dr. Teal, the nice man dentist . . . and still, meanly that I was, I wouldn't tell.

When we got to town we walked and walked to see all the wonders of this so alien city . . . shops with live animals, smelling awful, shops with dead lobsters, shops with T-O-Y-S, my two subtle sons spelt out, and nudged each other significantly.

And then suddenly clacking footsteps on mosaic, great urns of flowers and lacquered palms, and glittering words written in lights!

"Jeepers, Penn, we're at the picshers—Jinga! jest look at that beaut horse . . .

"Hey, Taff . . . she's buying some tickets. Oh, you beautiful, snidger girl! . . . Will they really move? Oh, boy! Oh, goodeous, gorgeous . . . what a mophlerous carpet."

"Look, there's monkeys on, too . . . we're really going in! Gee, wot a lotter stairs. Aren't there any escalators?"

And there in the half-light we had Arizona, or somewhere similar, dished up to us with gunpowder sauce . . . also drawings that walked, talked, and screamed, and even exploded—jungles, racecourses, submarines, and atom-driven egg-beaters . . . all belonging, as my unsophisticated younglings imagined, to the one film.

And, best of all in that tedious

time called Inkerval, there were colored pictures of floating shoes, disembodied teeth, and bottles of medicines . . . and ice-cream in the hand.

"Oo-er" . . . reckoned the boys, the whole thing was reel good, and a reel surprise better than the dentist. But the picsher was a bit silly, reely, because it couldn't reely happen 'cause it was only acting, 'cause if you killed as many people as that you'd get beheaded or something quite severe, so it couldn't reely be reel, could it?



Mrs. Leaf, dashing away with a smoothing-iron.

He loves my Soft-as-silk hands!

This luxurious Cream, with its precious beauty-oils, makes hands as supple and smooth as silk.

SOFTASILK
Hand Beauty Cream

It's handier in a tube

DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS

If you are a sufferer from Conjunctivitis, Eupharitis, or Sandy Blight, here is a quick method for safe and gentle relief — "DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS" — Put two or three drops in each eye three times daily.

2 DROPS CLEAR SOOTHE IN SECONDS!

★ MAKE THIS TEST Put a few drops of DR. NEWELL'S in one eye only, and in ten minutes note the difference between each eye.

AT CHEMISTS and STORES.

The LARK

A handsome WESTCLOX Alarm



THE FINE MODERN FACTORY OF WESTCLOX (AUST.) PTY. LTD.,
AUBURN ROAD, AUBURN, VICTORIA.

PRESENTING the "Lark," newest arrival to the famous Westclox family; a thoroughbred from the first whispering tick to the clear clarion call of the alarm... a dependable alarm clock for the people of Australia.

When you buy Westclox "LARK" you'll have an alarm clock that will serve you faithfully for many years.

JEWELLERS and STORES are stocking the "LARK" now, in Black and Chrome, Ivory and Gold Pastel Green and Chrome, with plain or luminous hands and numerals — but supplies are still limited.

AUSTRALASIAN DISTRIBUTORS:

BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED

Melbourne - Adelaide - Perth - Sydney - Brisbane

Our Paris parades fashion hit of the year

Replicas of frocks and hats have been produced at prices to suit everybody

The Australian Women's Weekly French fashion parades of 1947 are over, and the four French mannequins who appeared in them are on their way home.

By
MARY HORDERN

The whole tour has been a tremendous success. Tens of thousands of people have seen the parades and many thousands more have bought replicas of the frocks and hats, made in Australia and priced to suit the average Australian woman.

FINAL series of our parades was held in Tasmania where they made a sensational effect both in Launceston and Hobart.

They opened at Government House, and the proceeds were donated to the Red Cross British Relief Fund.

The parades were later presented at the Town Halls in Hobart and Launceston.

Over 40,000 people attended during the week's tour—one in every three Tasmanian women.

Complete success

THUS the parades achieved their first object—they were seen by a large and representative section of all the women in the Commonwealth, who left no doubt as to their complete enjoyment of the range of clothes displayed and of the charm and ability of the French and Australian girls who modelled the clothes for their benefit.

One example of their popularity was provided in Melbourne, where, at a special parade held for business girls on the last Saturday of the tour, a thousand unreserved seats were taken in a matter of minutes.

The enthusiasm with which the parades were greeted showed that the two months' season was really far too short.

This, of course, was unavoidable as the French mannequins were all scheduled to appear at forthcoming shows in Paris and really couldn't spare any longer time in Australia.



MRS. MARY HORDERN, our fashion adviser who went to Paris to select mannequins and frocks for the parades (left), and Mme. Caroline Chambrelent, who managed the parades, look through photographs taken during the tour of four States.

A tremendous amount of sheer hard work on the part of many people contributed to the success of the tour, and it is immensely gratifying that it has been such a success.

The girls themselves would like to have stayed longer and one can feel quite confident that they will take back to France glowing reports of this country and the hospitality with which they were received everywhere.

To Madame Chambrelent, Director of the Parades, and Mr. Lou Clavery, who assisted her, the results were particularly gratifying, as their work has been sustained over a period of many months.

Madame Chambrelent, who was granted special leave of absence from the House of Worth, of which



TWO MANNEQUINS, Suzanne Combe (left) and Janine Lequeuvre, do their last-minute packing before leaving by air for France.

she is a director, and Mr. Lou Clavery made considerable personal sacrifices to do their part.

For myself, I naturally felt extremely happy at the splendid result of my work in choosing the collection.

This year's parades eclipsed in practical value those of last year, because conditions made it possible for replicas of the frocks and hats to be produced in large quantities at prices within the reach of the average person.

Because many manufacturers claimed that 90 per cent. of their clients bought clothes between £3 and £5 per frock, we made special arrangements for patterns of 10 frocks to be sold at these prices.

These frocks were made by Adeline Clavery and placed on sale in all the capital cities.

Replicas of other frocks were made by other manufacturers at higher prices.

Because the demand was so much greater than could be supplied, and also because many women wished to make their own frocks, we arranged with our fashion pattern service to make patterns available to the public of those frocks which could be made by experienced home dressmakers.

There is always more in a French pattern than in the one frock in which you see it.

It can be transformed by changing a sleeve, the length of a skirt, the color of a material.

Many of these patterns yield at least 10 different frocks.

Mr. Clavery inspected many of the reproductions, and was delighted with the high standard of Australian workmanship that they revealed.

Next in importance to the dresses came the hats.

Every model had its own individual appeal. Each was chosen by me in Paris to accompany special frocks.

Just as I selected the frocks with a view to the practical needs of Australian women, so I chose hats that combined high style and commonsense.

Of course, a hat is transformed by the wearer.

A hat in the hand and a hat on the head are two entirely different things.

The French mannequins were all geniuses at getting the best out of the hats they wore, and many women who saw them said that they had learnt valuable lessons about angles of adjustment.

These creations are from famous Paris milliners and are extremely expensive. Many of them cost £30 apiece in Paris.

Our idea was to make reproductions available at budget prices.

Manufacture of replicas was undertaken by Holford's, Ltd., and these have figured in many striking window displays in the past few weeks.

The demand for them is steady and continuous wherever they are shown.

So though the parades have closed their influence continues in the practical benefits they have bestowed.

Through them, Australian women, with their natural flair for clothes, have been given an opportunity to vie in smartness even with Parisiennes.

Behind the scenes with French mannequins

By JUNE BROWN

Last week I said good-bye to the four visiting French mannequins—and to four very good friends.

DURING their nine weeks' tour of four Australian States I spent practically every waking moment with them, helping them behind the scenes at the parades, with their shopping and having fun together in the off hours.

I think I knew them better than most other people in Australia, and I grew to love and respect them, not so much because they were such fine mannequins, but because they were such fine women in private life.

Frankly, I was terrified the first day I met them at the flying base.

My schoolgirl French was very, very bad, and they spoke so quickly. And they looked so glamorous, even in their travelling tailcoats.

I soon learned, however, that a friendly smile and a little consideration meant more to them than all the well-spoken French.

They loved fun and a good joke, and they never forgot my first phrase to them: "Elle est June ici—la char est ici" (It is June here... the car is here).

Of course, I didn't know then that a car is usually called a "voiture" in France and that, although it could be called a "char," the way I pronounced it made it sound like a cat.

They found fun in the simplest things behind scenes, and in Adelaide took great delight in bringing to the dressing-room for every performance a new toy from the toy department on the floor below.

One day they'd take a teddy bear, the next day a rabbit, dressing the new toy up in the hat they had just taken off, or decking it with jewels.

As each girl went on stage in a new outfit, she changed the outfit on the toy—much to everybody's merriment.

But their greatest joy of all was the day they hid a life-size rabbit behind the curtains on the stage and sneaked it on stage for the final parade.

Janine held one ear, and Lydia, in a form-fitting blue satin director's gown, held the other.

The people of Launceston will probably never forget the day the girls visited their small zoo of Australian animals.

When they entered the kangaroo and emu yard, dozens of people gathered round to watch them. But they could never have antici-

pated the comedy show Lydia Leplat gave them.

She took one look at the proud male emu strutting around her, then ran after it, crying, "Regardez, le mannequin."

She fell into pace with it and, imitating its long and affected steps, they went parading together round and round the yard.

The girls ate heartily and never dieted. Above all other foods they loved their "jambon"—ham to us.

It's an unknown quantity in Paris at present for the working girl, even a popular mannequin, and they would demand it before each parade.

With their love of fun and their eternally happy natures they were not the slightest bit temperamental.

The things I shall remember most about the girls were their gentleness and kindness.

They were always eager to help each other out by lending a dress—a scarf—for some important date, and were as happy as children if the dress fitted the other girl well.

If ever I bought anything for them the very first thing they would ask me was "Combien?" (how much?), and would insist on paying for it immediately.

They looked after each other well and whenever we had a plane trip the good travellers always sat beside those of us who didn't travel so well to comfort us.

Many a time, at the crucial moment when the plane was roughest, Lydia and Janine donned the emergency bags as hats to make us laugh and forget our sickness.

Like all good French people they loved romance and were unhappy for each other when letters didn't arrive from home.



PACKING their luggage during their tour of Australia—two of the mannequins, Lydia Leplat (right) and Maggy Saragne.

THE VANDAL STREAK

WITH spring beginning to take people more into the open air rangers and others who care for the preservation of bushland and native plants have to be increasingly vigilant against vandals, who ravage the flowers and ferns now spreading their beauty through scrub and gully.

Some of these cut great quantities to sell as cut flowers, falsely claiming they were picked on private property. Others steal roots and plants for their own gardens.

Most despicable of all are wanton destroyers, who care nothing for the damage they do as they pull and hack at bushes to gather an idle posy.

They are the people who leave their picnic fires smouldering, and start blazes that deal the final blow to green loveliness.

A similar larrikin streak sends louts into city parks to shy stones at monuments and chip noses off statuary.

Other pests tear leaves from directories and damage equipment in public telephone booths, pull down street signs, and cut their names on seats, fences, and tree trunks.

It is a sad reflection on modern education that such calculated destructiveness should exist.

Pastors and masters have failed to foster a community spirit that would value public property as highly as personal possessions.

Until they do, there will always be the need for rangers, guards, and policemen to protect things that should be the treasured heritage of all.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist goes on a conducted tour.

It seems to me...

HARDEST of perennials is the demand for the abolition of military toys for children. It bobbed up again this month when a German woman delegate suggested it at the Women's World Fellowship Conference in Paris.

I don't believe it's worth bothering about. The influences that condition children to the idea of war are much wider-spread and deeper-rooted than toys.

If they haven't tanks or guns or tin soldiers they still invent their own weapons—as witness two small boys I know whose current game is “rockets” made of folded paper.

Shortly after the first news of atom bombs being dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki I was sitting near a group of small boys on a beach. The eldest of them, aged seven, had an evil-looking corked bottle that he'd picked up from the edge of the sea. “It's an atom bomb,” he announced, “and I'm going to throw it on Johnnie.”

Dissuaded from that he said: “Well, I'll pour it on the ground, and then nothing will grow there for 70 years.” (You'll remember that was a report at the time about the likely effect of the bomb.)

No, I don't think restrictions on toys would have much influence. Military toys are an effect, not a cause. It's adults who need educating against war, not children.

POLITICIANS come in for their fair share of criticism, but they deserve some sympathy too. At the moment I'm thinking of 67-year-old Mr. Arthur Greenwood, dropped from the British Cabinet.

The need to bring on young members of the party makes the retirement of some older members inevitable. Mr. Attlee told this old Labor stalwart, who, after the 1945 elections, was described by the “Manchester Guardian” as having “breadth, humanity, and sobriety of judgment.”

“Too old” is a judgment that millions outside politics fear to hear, but for most people it is not delivered so publicly.

For that matter, I never can understand how politicians can bear the fierce light that beats on them—considerably fiercer, incidentally, than on thrones. But I guess they know what's coming when they enter politics, and they build a stronger shell round themselves than most of us.

BING CROSBY, so it's reported, may bring an American professional tennis team to Australia early next year. Judging by the stories Dinny Pails brought back of dissension among the Australian Davis Cup players, harmony should be very handy in a tennis team.



Dorothy Drain

SURVEYS of public opinion are conducted on all sorts of subjects, and one of the least useful, but most entertaining, was that in England which recently established that out of every hundred women 37 would have preferred to be men.

This is a perennially interesting speculation, probably because it achieves nothing. It lies entirely in the realm of theory. And you run no danger, as you do when expressing some opinions in conversation, of being asked why, if you feel so strongly, you don't do something about it.

I certainly envy small boys rather than little girls. The sight of them swimming in waterholes, messing about in frail boats, always makes me think how much more fun they have than girls.

But they grow up and grow old.

Just like the little girls, and once they take on the responsibilities of adult life, with maybe rheumatism and a few neuroses thrown in, I don't suppose it matters much.

In my reincarnation I'd prefer to be a house cat, thank you. In the summer I would sleep in the shade, and in the winter I would sleep in the sun.

AN item in a daily paper states that this year native grasses and flowers are growing west of Bourke in parts where they haven't been seen for 15 years.

When I scan the latest headline as the hour creeps on to deadline

For a verse,
I find little that is sunny and a world that's far from funny.

(Getting worse.)
Till I'm lifted from my glooming over struggles that are looming

With a jerk
By the news that flowers are blooming
Back o' Bourke.

Though it's not my normal manner to resemble Pollyanna

Yet it seems
That with half the earth in rubble and the rest hell-bent for trouble

There are gleams;
And I think it's well worth shouting in the midst of dismal doubting

And the muck
That the blooming flowers are sprouting
Back o' Bourke.

A BEDFORDSHIRE house owner has asked for a lowering of his rates because his house is supposed to be haunted. If he succeeds, you have to admire his spirit.

Interesting People



CAPTAIN HARVEY NEWCOMB

... R.A.N. electricity

CHARMING Englishman Capt. H. M. Newcomb, director of new electrical branch of Royal Australian Navy, was C.O. of Anti Submarine School in Sydney during war. Born in 1899, he joined R.N. when 17, has served all over world. He will organise the electrical branch, to deal with all maintenance of R.A.N.'s complicated electrical equipment. Branch will have about 100 officers, 1000 men



MISS KAY KINANE

... producer, script-writer

NEW appointment has been received by dark-haired, blue-eyed Kay Kinane, former Director of School Broadcasts on Perth National Station, now Federal producer and script-writer. New job means a move to A.B.C. headquarters in Sydney. She has designed stage sets for Perth Repertory Club, and played leading role in its production of “Blithe Spirit.” Keen on interior decoration, she did murals for her own room in Perth



MR. GEORGE FARRELL

... violinist builds house

LEADER of J. C. Williamson's orchestra touring New Zealand with Borovansky Ballet is 25-year-old George Farrell, of Sydney, who gave first public violin recital when 14 in Sydney Town Hall. He says: “Light, good music should be played at all restaurants.” In past two years has built five-roomed house at Gosford without any help. His hobby is experimenting with compost fertilisers.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Mae West's visit gives lift to London's spirits

Wisecracks, diamonds—and those eyelashes enthrall her many admirers

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

London, whose towers and spires and endless queues have lately been clothed in an air of peaked pessimism, has looked up from its problems and broken into a wide delighted grin.

Why? Mae West, looking like the end of all austerity, is here.

FABULOUS Mae arrived complete with generous curves, eight trunks of clothes, numerous furs, and diamonds worth a quarter of a million—not to mention a store of wisecracks that her British fans have been fondly repeating to one another over their morning buns and coffee ever since.

Already her appearance among a London audience has held up a show, with staid theatre-goers mobbing her and thrusting out their programmes for her autograph.

And in appearance she lives up to their most exotic expectations.

Mae's platinum curls fall low on her shoulders.

While she sat quietly signing her name a five-inch diamond and platinum bracelet glittered on her wrist, another diamond like a pigeon's egg shone on her finger, and she fluttered eyelashes like feather-dusters at the autograph hunters as she handed back their programmes.

Choosing cast

A PROCESSION of people has been trooping through the lobby of the Savoy Hotel on the way to her suite and led to a popular, if ribald, inference that Mae has been a bit lavish with her famous invitation to "Come up and see me sometime."

But, in fact, these have been variety artists proceeding there on business, for Mae is hard at work casting performers for her famous 30-strong stage show, "Diamond Lil," which has had a 10-year run in the United States and is now to be shown in the West End.

It is colorful, lusty drama of New York in the gay 'nineties, and it made Mae West famous.

But for all her activity in preparing to stage it in London Mae insists: "I came to England because of its men. I love the way they talk."

The truth, of course, about the legendary Mae is that she has cre-

ated a famous character which has brought her a fortune and she is quite prepared to act it whenever it seems desirable.

She can switch in a moment from a gracious woman to a hardboiled screen siren with a lift of her eyebrows, a shrug of her hips, and a few unique wisecracks.

Mae matches serious questions with a quiet, serious answer, but her eyes will twinkle in response to a silly query, and back will come a crack that is like a line of dialogue from one of her films.

For instance, a woman interviewer asked her: "How would you keep a husband?"

Mae thought for a moment, then said, with a provocative purr: "Show me your husband and I'll show you how to keep him."

Latest photographs have been cruel to Mae, for though she looks her 37 years in them, in person her skin has the delicacy and coloring of a woman 20 years younger.

To talk with her is to get an entirely different impression and to realise that, despite the legend that follows her still, Mae West is a shrewd, intelligent actress who won fame by creating a burlesque character as unique and as legendary, though not as innocent, as Charlie Chaplin's.

Whenever she is accused of vulgarity, Mae replies with some indignation: "Can't people see that I make fun of vulgarity and of sex? So many insist on getting me wrong."

Early in her Hollywood career no less eminent a character than Sir Cedric Hardwicke supported her claim by stating that Mae West had put an end to Hollywood's era of vamps and fatal women by making the world laugh at them.

And once Mae had created her hardboiled siren the public would not let her change.

Mae tried to once by playing Catherine of Russia, but she complained: "It's no good trying to be serious."

"When I held out my hand to be kissed the audience weren't happy



MAE WEST wore an outside halo hat over her elaborate hair-do when she arrived in England.

"The biggest compliment ever paid me was to call pilot lifejackets 'Mae Wests.'"

"It gave me a kick to think airmen of all the Allies were talking of their 'Mae Wests.'"

Mae's curves and her international notoriety as a burlesque character have concealed her other attributes as a novelist, playwright, impresario, and business-woman.

Before Paramount signed her for her first picture she had written, produced, and taken the lead in a touring vaudeville show which netted her a small fortune.

She added to her fortune not only by starring in six Paramount films—"Night of Nights," "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel," "Belle of the Nineties," "Goin' To Town," and "Klondike Annie"—but by writing both dialogue and screenplay for several of these and producing a best-selling novel called "The Constant Sinner."

It was only just before the war that a rumor which Mae had always carefully denied had to be admitted.

Disillusioned males learned not only that she had a husband called Frank Wallace, but, moreover he was claiming divorce with alimony and revealing that he and the ageless Mae were married way back in 1911.

They lived together for only a short while.

It was while her play called, with simple directness, "Sex" was running in New York that Mae made the acquaintance of prison.

The play provoked furious controversy, was denounced by many.

It ran for two years, and had been seen by hundreds of thousands of people before the authorities acted.

Theatre raided

HER Broadway theatre was raided while Mayor Jimmie Walker was away on vacation.

Mae was sentenced to ten days in the workhouse, and ordered to pay a 500-dollar fine.

It was between her duties in the workhouse on Welfare Island that Mae, hard worker that she was, thought up "Diamond Lil."

So far she has been so occupied with choosing her London cast that she has not ventured out on her avowed purpose of shopping for a mutation mink—costing anything above £5000—to add to her collection of lynx and silver foxes and her travelling wardrobe of 150 dresses.

In fact, Mae sums up her life as hard-working.

Asked if she really has the gay time attributed to her, she says, "No, I'm much too busy."

AT A LONDON PARTY the famous star wore a filmy black frock and some of her diamonds.

till I raised my eyebrows in the way they liked.

"So the whole thing became a burlesque."

After that a critic called her performance "history with a leer."

But, though the public insist on keeping Mae a prisoner of her own character, she does not get tired of all their jokes about her figure and her "man" talk.

"No. If people expect me to be the same off-stage—why, I call that flattery."

BABY BANTERS

It's a bloomin' mistake

By CONSTANCE BANNISTER



There's somethin' wrong here.

Mum says bees get honey outa flowers.

But I've been chewin' this one for ages . . .

And it don't taste like nothin'.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 18, 1947

Page 19

Adelyn Paris Fashions

Obtainable from all stores in all States throughout Australia

Adelyn Paris Fashions.

You can always see the "Fashion"



You know immediately you look at a garment if it suits you. You can study the fashion, the tailoring, the cut, the colour and the finish. But you can't see if it will wear well, if the colours are fast, or if it will keep its shape. You have to "trust"...

And you can always trust the Quality when you see

**the P.L.B. shield
WHEREVER IT APPEARS
ON CLOTHING & MATERIALS**

On frocks, on coats, on smart sports wear, on dainty lingerie, in fact on any article of clothing or material where you find the P.L.B. Shield attached, it is your guarantee of quality. Every article bearing the P.L.B. Shield is fully guaranteed. This is a pledge to the nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, PERTH, ADELAIDE, HOBART, LAUNCESTON, BRISBANE and BRANCH OFFICES.



This shield is your protection

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days are ahead for most Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians now, with the emphasis on good fortune and romance.

Sagittarians, Leonians, and Scorpions also benefit, to a lesser degree, but Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians should live quietly, and dodge upsets and trouble.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware arguments and disappointments now, as difficulties are likely. Oct. 14, 15 (early), 16, 20, and 21 all poor for new ventures.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Unspectacular days now, though difficulties can arise in matters concerned with writing, contracts, or health. Be cautious then on Oct. 15, 16, and 17.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Seek ambitious goals now, particularly as regards new friendships. Make good use of Oct. 14, 15, 17 (midday hours), and 21 (evening).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly now and guard health. Upsets and worry likely on Oct. 14, 15 (early), 16, 20, and 21, so keep to routine matters. LEO (July 23 to August 24): Avoid indiscretions and extravagance this week. Oct. 14 (to 2 a.m.), 18 (except noon to 2 p.m.), 19 (except noon to 2 p.m.), and 20 (except noon to 2 p.m.)



"There must be some mistake. I didn't phone for a cab."

1 p.m., and 19 (to sunset) all helpful for minor affairs.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Routine tasks prove best now. Oct. 15 (to 9 p.m.) helpful, 18 (noon to 4 p.m.) and 19 (noon to 2 p.m.) fair. Oct. 20 and 21 quite fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Finalise important matters now and consolidate gains. Oct. 14 good, 15 (to 8 p.m.) excellent, 20 and 21 poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Good week ahead, but kept to routine this week. Oct. 15 (to 8 p.m.) very good, 16 tricky, 17 (11 a.m. to 4 p.m.) good, Oct. 18 (after 2 p.m.) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Try to improve existing conditions now. Worthwhile opportunities likely on Oct. 14, 17 (except forenoon), 18 (except noon to 2 p.m.), and 20 (to dusk).

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Be wary of new upsets now, and keep to routine. Oct. 14, 16, 17 (forenoon), 18 (evening), 20, and 21 all difficult.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Dodge indiscretions and extravagance now, but watch out for possible gains. Oct. 14 good, 15 (to 8 a.m.) excellent, 18 (noon to 2 p.m.) very good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Take things quietly now, but plan ahead for good week. Oct. 15 (to 9 a.m.) very good, 17 (11 a.m. to 4 p.m.) fair, Oct. 18 (to 3 a.m.) very good, 19 (11 p.m. to 4 a.m.) fair. Oct. 20 and 21 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 2/- 4/-
BUTTER: 2/- 4/-
MEAT: Black, 7/- 8/- (8/- 8/- available Oct. 27), green 10/- and 11/- (10/- available Oct. 27).
CLOTHING: 1/- 4/- current.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter **BETTY:** Is also on board the yacht **Argos.** The four land on a magnetic island, where **KING CY:** Escaped convict, captures them. Cy

uses seamen, wrecked on the island, as his slaves. But he finds Mandrake and Lothar too much for him. In a grim fight, Lothar's tremendous fist crashes to the giant's jaw. Cy topples backwards like a great tree, and Lothar wins. **NOW READ ON:**



LOTHAR, I'M PROUD OF YOU!

HIM TOUGH FELLA.

WHERE'S BETTY-- WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER? BETTY--BETTY!



UNNOTICED DURING THE STRUGGLE, THEY NOW SEE BETTY, BORNE AWAY IN THE ARMS OF JASPER, KING CY'S EVIL, GRINNING HENCHMAN...

HELP--HELP--



NOW, I'M KING OF MAGNETIC ISLAND! LEAVE AT ONCE OR I'LL THROW HER DOWN ON THE ROCKS!

YOU CAN'T DROP HER-- UNLESS YOU JUMP! BECAUSE--SHE'S TIED TO YOU.

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY...



--AND DOZENS OF THICK ROPE COILS SUDDENLY SEEM TO LASH THEM TOGETHER! DAZED, JASPER STAGGERS BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE...



MANDRAKE--WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED--?

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, BETTY. NOTHING REALLY HAPPENED. HE JUST THOUGHT IT DID! BRING HIM ALONG, LOTHAR!



I BELIEVE THE YACHT CAN NOW BREAK AWAY FROM THE ISLAND. THE MAGNETIC PULL IS POWERFUL ONLY DURING ELECTRICAL STORMS.

MEN, THAT MEANS YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE WITH US AND RETURN TO CIVILIZATION. KING CY CAN NO LONGER HOLD YOU AS SLAVES HERE!



MANDRAKE, WHAT ABOUT THIS FLOATING ISLAND? IT'S SMALL, BUT DURING STORMS, IT'S A MENACE TO NAVIGATION!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, COLONEL BARTON. DYNAMITE IT!



THERE SHE GOES--WITH NO ONE TO REGRET IT-- EXCEPT KING CY AND JASPER.

THE END OF MAGNETIC ISLAND!

THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SINKS MAGNETIC ISLAND TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM--AND ITS STRANGE LIFE IS ENDED. BUT MANDRAKE'S SEARCH FOR THE RARE FLAME PEARL IS ONLY BEGINNING!

TO BE CONTINUED



DERBY DAY. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen at opening of Spring Meeting at Randwick. Beryl is busy with arrangements for dance at Prince's on October 27 in aid of Legacy.



CHEERY FOURSOME. Mr. Holt Hardy (left), Mrs. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. and Mrs. Hector McCowan study the form on Derby Day at Randwick. Mrs. Hardy's desert-sand ensemble was one of the most attractive worn on day. Mrs. McCowan relieved her black suit with soft feminine blouse, and her white straw hat was trimmed with glorious American Beauty roses.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Jim Coleman, of U.S.A. and his bride, formerly Mrs. Nedra Levy, only daughter of Mrs. Ryrie, of Potts Point, and late Mr. C. E. Ryrie. Couple marry at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, and have reception at Point Piper home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Bancks. Jim and Nedra honeymoon at the Graham Prattens' home at Palm Beach.



RIVERVIEW BALL COMMITTEE. Patricia Hayes (left), Mary Mayo, Anne Osenham, and Norma Cole are working hard for success of Riverview Old Boys' Dance, to be held at Trocadero on October 16.

Intimate Gittings

LAWNS of Randwick look like color movie shots when feminine punters arrive on Derby Day wearing loveliest fashions seen for many a long day.

"Breath-taking" is comment made by most women who view new season's fashions passing by in profusion of wonderful pastel shades, and looking more graceful and charming than any clothes we have worn for years.

Many a husband and father will, I fear, have to wait for his new suit until the next lot of coupons are issued, because by the yards of materials made up into new models I feel that papa will have to suffer.

For weeks Sydney women have been attending fashion shows, lectures, and parades of French models imported from overseas and designed by world's most famous fashion experts. They have haunted city shops for suitable materials, glorious hats, and smart accessories. That they have been successful was obvious, because Randwick vied with Long-champs and Ascot on Derby Day.

ALMOST a hush of expectancy greeted Nola Dekyvere arriving in her new imported suit with her father, Mr. Wally Kerr. Nola really looked charming in almond-green spotted Christian Dior suit worn with soft matching green felt hat and wonderful lizard skin bag and white sandals. Her French umbrella, long handled and graceful, was tipped with lizard to match her bag. Shoes were only item of ensemble not purchased in France. "They are the tragedy of my trip," Nola tells me. "They were £2/10/- in Port Said, and I bought one pair, thinking I would purchase other shoes later. Everywhere else the same shoes were £15 to £18," she added ruefully.



PRE-WEDDING PARTY. Bride-to-be Julianne Mocatta (second from left) has luncheon at Prince's with Jennifer Street (left), Barbara Smith, and Jacqueline Paradise at pre-wedding luncheon given by Barbara and her sister Shirley Smith. Barbara and Jacqueline will be bridesmaids when Julianne marries Lieut. Robert Guyett, of Adelaide, at St. James' Church on October 21.



COMING-OF-AGE DANCE. Joan Walder (second from left) sits out a dance with guests John Beaumont, Judy Marsland, and her cousin, Sam Walder, at 21st birthday party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Walder, of Point Piper.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Roslyn Dangar (centre) photographed in the garden of her lovely home, Arlington, Edgecliff, with Rosemary Parker (left) and Diana Walker, who will be bridesmaids when Roslyn marries David Ritchie, of Warranary, Booligai, on October 21, at All Saints', Woollahra.



FAMILY DAY OUT. Mrs. Struth Playfair (third from left) with three of her daughters—Wendy (left), Judy (Mrs. Keith Gollan), and Eve (Mrs. Alec McLeod)—attend Spring Meeting at Randwick. Eve comes down from property, Llangolan, Cassilis, with her husband, and stays with her sister, Mrs. Gollan.

IN town for race festivities are

Major-General R. G. Stanham and Mrs. Stanham, who stay at Denzil Macarthur Onslow's Macleay Street flat when they come down from Camden Park, Menangle. Mrs. Stanham arrived in Australia after an absence of many years some months ago to live at Camden Park, which was left her by her father, General Macarthur Onslow. Her husband, who is Paymaster-in-Chief of the British Army, flew out two weeks ago on leave. They attend dance at Golf Club given by Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Ashton, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. B. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. F. Rutledge, and Mr. R. H. Osborne after Ladies' Day at Randwick.

Also invited to party Mrs. A. J. Warry, of Bellevue Hill, gives for her son John and his wife Jane when they come down from Orange.

IMPRESSIONS of Race Week...

Kaleidoscope of fashions, French fashions, English and "good old Aussie" ones in full range... none of young debutantes can vie with young matron Connie Bovill in prettiness... If you've really done a "haunt" of shops you can tell where nearly every garment worn in Members' Stand comes from AND how much it cost... the three matrons who all choose and wear same hat over festivities and whippers as to which it suits best... Rumbles of ire when Australian Club hold men's dinner after Derby Day, and wives are left chatting among selves, and how only three husbands didn't attend dinner... excitement among Younger Set as to who is invited to Government House ball, and who is not... Mrs. Pierre Mann's favorite shade of heaven-blue is her choice for Randwick, and how many other people seem also to choose blue.

YOUNGER set well represented on both days, and see country lasses Margaret and Joy Brownhill, of Beaudesert, Mudgee, with Margaret Warden, of Gundooce, Leandbrook, arrive together in pretty, summery prints and big hats.

Judy Musgrove took sartorial honors when she arrived looking so pretty in gay print escorted by Captain David Cathcart, British Army. She and David also attended first night of "No, No, Nanette," at Theatre Royal together.

THREE super parties after Derby Day bring forth even greater profusion of wonderful hats. The Julian Mackays, of Merrimack, Scone, give party at Australia Hotel, and lots of country guests attend: the W. J. Smiths give party at home at Point Piper, and Beryl Ross has party at her home at Vaucluse.

Beryl's is a "come for a drink and stay on 'do'."

Joyce

HAVING always coveted furs, we thought the police would have no difficulty in returning stolen fur coats and capes to their owners.

But the other day in Sydney we noticed a news item stating that the C.I.B. was trying to find the owners of a Siberian fox fur, an Australian fox jacket, and a brown American opossum cape. And Detective Wells who has had them on hand for several months, tells us that he's beginning to think that, like a number of other stolen furs, they will end up at the police disposal sales.

Reason is that owners of insured furs often prefer to keep the insurance money than have their property returned.

"After thieves or receivers have been wearing the furs for a while they are often found to be dirty or mutilated, and the owners don't want them back."

"So they won't come forward and identify them positively," said Detective Wells.

When the owners do come forward it is often a tricky business getting a positive identification.

Fur thieves, who operated extensively during the war, are adept at altering their haul beyond recognition. They have things dyed, perhaps have linings changed, or sleeves or collars altered.

Police depend on identifying marks and evidence of the furrier from whom the fur was originally bought in deciding a rightful owner.

One woman whose home was robbed two years ago recently identified her fur jacket by a tiny patch underneath the collar. But other owners are not so fortunate.

Police believe they have found the owner of a silver fox fur which was stolen some time ago, but she cannot conclusively establish ownership.

There are no identifying marks, and both the furrier and the friend who accompanied the woman when she bought the fur are dead.

In a case like this a court decides the ownership.

WORTH Reporting

Good and bad luck

PIERRE BALMAIN, the French dress-designer, who recently visited Australia, brought with him some dress house superstitions we hadn't heard of.

If some one drops a few pins in the workroom it is considered unlucky, but if she drops the entire contents of the little pin pouch she wears at her waist, then it means that the whole collection will be a great success.

The little pin pouches, incidentally, are usually made from scraps of dresses which have had great success at the previous season's collections. If the favored dress is of a flimsy material, then the pouch is reinforced with rows and rows of stitching to prevent the pins from going through.

When a single girl is working on a wedding dress she often sews a hair from her head into the hem of the frock to ensure that she, too, will soon be a bride.

That confetti!

COUPLES who marry at St. Andrew's Church, in the picturesque Kent village of Mottingham, must leave a 10/6 deposit when they go to the vicarage to arrange about their marriages. This deposit is forfeit if their wedding guests throw confetti.

Deploping what he calls "this beastly habit," the rector, the Rev. J. D. Underwood, asks his congregation this question: "How would people who throw confetti in God's house like it if I threw confetti in their homes every Saturday afternoon?"

THE American marriage rate reached an all-time high for the United States and Western Europe in 1946 with a rate of 16.4 per thousand population. The Australian rate for that year was 10.67 per thousand, our highest being in 1943—12.01 per thousand. The world record of 20.4 per thousand was in Hungary in 1919.

Serves who right?

AT the height of the shopping crowds in Pitt Street, Sydney, the other Friday lunchtime, we came on two women shoppers hauling a dog along on a frayed bit of rope. The dog, a nondescript, energetic fellow, kept entangling himself and his rope round the feet of hurrying shoppers.

"Well," said one of his mistresses in exasperation, as she disentangled him from two cross-looking old gentlemen, "this'll teach you not to follow us to town!"



Not what it seems

JOSE CABOT, who, with his wife, Evelyn Dresden, has been giving a spectacular ballroom dancing act at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, has a special evening suit which he designed himself to stand up to the strain of stage dancing.

It looks conventional from the stalls, but actually the trousers and vest are cut all in one on the overall principle.

The sleeves of his white evening shirt finish just below the elbow, drawn in with an elastic-threaded hem. False white cuffs are sewn inside the sleeves of his mess jacket.

Cabot and Dresden, by the way, attribute their domestic happiness to dancing.

"You can't stay mad at anyone when dancing with them," says Evelyn. "When you're dancing you have to smile—and when people smile at each other their quarrels evaporate."

Actors in London

JOHN CARLSON, Sydney actor, now in London, is the subject of an interview by Noel Whitcombe in his column, "Under the Counter," in London's "Daily Mirror." Six-foot-three John is described by the columnist as "looking like a Chips Rafferty with the edges filed off as he draped himself lankily around a bar in Leicester Square." Theme of the article is the fact that so many Australian actors come to London on spec in the hope of playing in the West End.

Other actors mentioned by Whitcombe as having done well are Peter Fagan, Allan Cuthbertson, Barratt Fleming, Stephen Staughton, and John Stacey.

Animal Antics



Baby food racket

BECAUSE of the scarcity of cow's milk in Britain owing to the drought, the shortage of dried milk and baby milk foods is acute.

More and more people are buying baby foods to feed their animals and help out in other ways the very meagre domestic ration of ordinary milk. Women are said to be borrowing infants' ration books at 2/6 a time and going from shop to shop in search of patent foods.

London chemists are up in arms about it. One says that the same ration book was taken into his shop three times in one morning, each time by a different person, while another says that some women are even borrowing babies in arms in order to convince the chemists' assistants that they are really entitled to large tins of patent foods.

EVELYN

sighed. "All right, dear, let's do something. Whatever you want to do."

He kept her standing there waiting while he pondered. Then, at last, he said, "Let's forget it. Actually, I should go in to the surgery. Now that I'm back I can't continue to throw everything on to Carleton. He's not so young any more."

"And I have to keep pretty for you," she returned gaily. But her remark fell flat. He had gone on down the hall. He had not heard it.

All their recent conversations had a way of coming to dead ends. She had thought that this first awkwardness would pass. But he had been home over two months and it seemed to become more and more exaggerated, until now their reticence with each other was, in itself, becoming habitual, the pattern of their relations.

They were nearing the boys' school now.

"Ah, here is the sun!" she exclaimed, then stopped short, vexed to find herself again speaking of the weather.

Dick and Tim, immensely dignified, escorted them into the dining-room. The boys were very stiff and proper all through lunch. But once away, out of range of the school buildings, they pranced like young puppies round their mother and father. They looked adorably ridiculous, Evelyn thought, watching them.

On the way home, Rex said suddenly. "Let's stop and have dinner somewhere."

"But, Rex," she protested, "I've prepared everything. The refrigerator is full of food."

"Throw it out—let's dine out," he said impulsively.

"But, dear, you forget. Things don't keep. You can't just dismiss food so lightly."

"Very well," he said curtly. "We'll stick to your schedule."

"You're angry with me, Rex?"

"No, I'm not. It's just that with you everything is rationed. Time included."

"You are angry," she murmured.

Continuing . . . Only a Guest

from page 5

"You have a lot to learn, Evelyn," he said, his voice low. It was his professional voice that he used when the patient was very ill indeed. "Some day you'll realise that the important things are free."

"Important things?"

"Time," he said. "And love. They can't be earned. They're gifts. You give you have to earn everything, Evelyn."

"All this over dining out." A quick anger rose in her. Controlling her voice, she said coolly, "I'll give you a much better dinner at home."

She made a very complicated affair with eggs and tomatoes and bacon and grated cheese, working hard and expertly for an hour. She watched him eat, pleased with his appetite.

"Now wasn't that better than eating out?" she asked, as they sat over their coffee.

He offered to help with the dishes.

"No, no, I'll just rinse them and leave them for to-morrow." But she didn't rinse them. She did them all properly.

It was nine o'clock when she had finished. She was tired. It had been, except for the short oasis of pleasure with the boys, a long, non-descript day. She was glad it was nearly over.

Sunday night was the night for much beauty treatment in her room. It was her habit to do her eyebrows, freshen the polish on nails, give her face an especial scrubbing. In the course of all this she would work out the menus for the coming week.

Rex was in the living-room sunk in an armchair, a radio concert on low, and the Sunday papers scattered on the floor about his chair.

She stood for a moment in the doorway listening. Then she said, "I'll go upstairs to bed and do some work on myself." But instead she entered the room, her eyes gathering up the papers, section by section, folding them carefully.

"Have you finished with these?"

He looked immensely placid and comfortable sitting there watching her, a cigarette in his fingers. She fancied that his eyes were fixed on her stooped figure with scorn. She straightened up.

"I really believe, Rex, you drop these papers on the floor deliberately. Because you know it irritates me."

For a moment he did not reply, his eyes measuring her. Then he quoted: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful." She scowled down at him. "The Bible," he explained. "Luke."

"I didn't know you were so familiar with the Bible."

"I'm not. I looked it up just the other day."

Exasperated, she retorted, "You've been speaking in riddles all day."

"I'm surprised you don't know the story about Mary and Martha. Two types of women—the Marys

and the Marthas. And you, Evelyn, are a Martha—terribly," he told her.

She jabbed at him. "And your Lady Brigid is a Mary, I suppose?"

He considered a moment. "Yes, I rather think so. Yes."

She sank on to the sofa where he had piled his feet. "I don't in the least know what we are talking about."

"You're tired," he said kindly. "You needn't have worked so hard over dinner. A tin of soup and a smile would have been ample for me."

She melted a little.

"I've been feeling disagreeable all day. Maybe it's my liver. Or something." It was a distinct relief to attribute dismays and impatience to physical causes. In that way you got back to the sanity of cause and effect.

It was on Friday morning at breakfast that Rex said, looking up from the paper, "There's a lunch-hour concert to-day. They're playing the Sibellus No. 1." His voice ended on a note of interrogation.

She shook her head. "I can't to-day. I've got so many pesky things to do." Then she faltered, "I'd like it. I love Sibellus, but—" Again she was explaining. Again she was justifying herself.

During the day she kept rigidly to her schedule. Guiltily she performed all the duties on her calendar. She did have things to do, she told herself.

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THAT evening the telephone rang twice. Once during dinner, for him. The daughter of an old patient was ill. Rex suggested Carleton at once. But the voice on the telephone was insistent. So he left her to finish dinner alone.

The second call came while she was having coffee. It was Alma. She had been to the concert and had seen Rex there.

Owl-eyed Alma. All the way across the darkened auditorium she had seen him sitting there alone.

"He's terribly attractive, you know, Evelyn," she rambled on. "He sat there with a regular electromagnetic field of romance about him as he listened to the Sibellus."

"Oh, Alma, you're just the usual woman reacting to her doctor!" Evelyn laughed in the high octaves so as to cover up her surprise.

So he had gone to the concert after all. And alone. He had sat through dinner and had not mentioned it to her. Something about that knowledge shook her deeply. Had someone told her that he had been seen sitting in a cafe with a woman she would not have been so stirred.

Slowly, moment by moment, as she sat waiting for him to come home, it was borne in upon her with greater and greater clarity that this man, her husband, possessed a life of his own, that there were rooms of his being as yet unexplored by her.

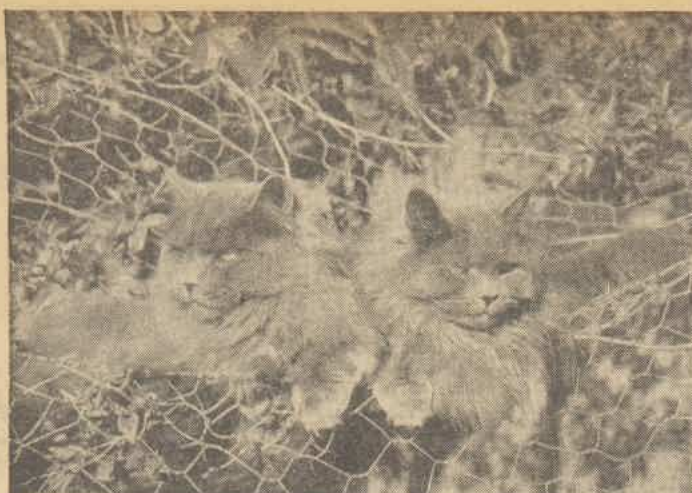
She went to the bedroom and began to watch the clock for his return. She picked up the picture of Tim; Rex had stuck the snapshot of himself and Lady Brigid in the frame. She examined that smiling face with the straight limp hair, and felt a twinge of jealousy.

It was eleven o'clock when he returned. She was seated at her dressing-table, making ready for bed. She smiled at him in the mirror. "So you went to the concert after all."

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked carelessly.

"No, but Alma did."

Please turn to page 26



PERSIAN BEAUTIES. Lady Gloria of Roma, belle of the last Royal Sydney Show, and her son Playboy of Windsor enjoy the mild afternoon sun on the top of their pen.



RELUCTANT. Unlike most human beauties, exotic Judith of Dunottar is unwilling to display her Siamese charms. Here she shelters timidly beneath a table.



BOBBY-SOXERS. "Let's low the sunny world," seems to be the motto of Bobby-Soxers, who take a wary look around before they venture out.



CHAMPION. Siamese Princess Cheops of Dunottar is sure of her blue blood but a little uncertain about strangers. To her mistress and those she knows she is as affectionate as any dog could be.



TRAVELLERS. "Charles" and her baby are off to the Antarctic soon with the Wyatt Earp expedition. "Charles," misnamed when picked up as a stray, is having woollen jackets knitted for herself and infant.

IT TAKES ALL SORTS TO MAKE

New society protects any cat, and clubs preserve standards of pussy aristocracy

By a STAFF REPORTER

A new deal for cats is planned by the Cat Protection Society of Victoria, formed recently along the lines of similar organisations in England, to make the public "cat minded."

"Our aim is not to foster pampering of cats, but to work for humane treatment for them," says the organiser, Mrs. Norman Hill, of St. Kilda Road, Melbourne.

WE want to promote a better understanding of cats generally, with educational propaganda, lectures, and the formation of local

groups of cat welfare workers. We're particularly anxious to reach normally kind, but thoughtless, people, who are responsible for the misery of thousands of cats," she explained.

Big step in this direction will be the enlistment of cat welfare workers in every suburb—eventually every street—to advise cat-owners on the care of their pets, and to ensure humane extermination of diseased and stray felines and newly born, unwanted kittens.

"Cats are poor men's pets, and our members plan to provide free veterinary service to people who cannot afford to have their cats

treated to combat the present overpopulation of unwanted kittens," said Mrs. Hill.

"Members also pledge themselves to watch all Parliamentary legislation likely to affect cats, and to endeavor to organise a satisfactory system of home-finding for healthy strays and kittens.

"Most people are ignorant of the highly valuable work quietly performed by cats in keeping down rats and mice, and ownership of furry kittens has a strong psychological effect in developing a love for animals in children," she pointed out.

"A contented cat on the hearth symbolises a happy home."

Mrs. Hill admits she personally took cats for granted until two stray kittens mewled pitifully in her path some years ago.

Moved by their helplessness and purring response to her kindness in feeding them, she allowed them to join the Hill household.

"By that time they had completely taken possession of us," she recalls with a happy smile.

While the new society looks after the unknown cats of suburban streets and city alleys, various clubs and associations preserve the standards of feline aristocracy.

And when it comes to the beauty parade field, cats can display their charms as regally and successfully



NEW ARRIVALS. "Fairfax of Windsor" takes a quiet look at his new brothers and sisters, while his mother watches proudly.



...and get her to this point in this youthful past. They are enduring forth.



WARRIOR. "This chair is comfortable, but if you're looking for a fight I'm ready," declares this broken-toothed combatant. His scars prove he has fought his way through many a battle.

KE UP THE CAT WORLD

...of timely young

...lights, of course, are blue and Siamese, but all of us are entered at the same unpedigreed varieties but a wrenly in their little more glamorous

...thinking your puss might be before the judges? It may have what it takes, though it may not.

...while it has a heart as big as a house, flat, narrow-chested, spindle-shaped, you can be sure it will never win you a prize at a cat show.

Catty points

...it may have the body of a lion, so let's look at the body.

...and I hate to ruin it. If it has a long nose, small ears, eyes set bias, or is rather a receding chin, and "faxy" face.

...and the heart of gold, then, so who cares for the face?

...look at a handsome, round fellow.

...man. Radiant Prince, as he reposes in full glory, is a cat of the Kildara, Kildara, Kildara.

...temperamental creature, and several prizes at cat shows have been carried off the Kildara Show Medallion for the Kildara Cat for 1947.

...owned by Miss Thelma, a blue-eyed, brown-haired woman, who has bred prize-winning cats in 1947 years.

...and really handsome.

...a round and massive, with a neck which is not too round, tipped ears, and his nose is short, broad, his cheeks full over his eyes large, round, and blue.

...is the perfect "cobby" cat, low on the legs, deep chest, massive across the hind rump.

...member of a handsome family, Lady Gloria of the Royal Warrant, and her 11-month-old son, gives the impression of being as distinguished as his mother and uncle.

...to view this family, Miss Young, was wearing a red, orange, and skirt, and perfectly with the beautiful blue of their coats.

...cats have from 60 to 100 a season. She has no kittens, which is more than 15 for a male cat, a female.

...her cats twice a day on a plate, cooked rabbit, milk, and eggs.

...up looking for their kittens.

...told me that Radiant Prince could be traced to years.



LUCKY. "Stinke," whose owner won a lottery after naming the ticket "Lucky Cats," was resting in the wood-heap when the photographer disturbed him.

Persians far outnumber other types of cats at the shows.

Known as the "Movie Queens of Catdom," they originated from Siam and other Asiatic countries, and have mastered the art of showing off to advantage.

They are silken-haired and beautifully colored. They move with superb delicacy, and at cat shows face up to judges with an air of complete indifference.

They're pretty sure they're beautiful. They know they are aristocratic.

At the recent Cat Fanciers' Association of N.S.W. Championship Show, no fewer than 188 Persians faced the judges.

Siamese type

SIAMESE cats are not so plentiful in Australia.

Said to be more faithful to his owner than a dog, the Siamese cat has a wedge-shaped head, and carries a "mask" of dark, almost black, seal-brown.

He has gorgeous sapphire-blue eyes, Oriental in appearance, and slanting towards the nose.

Siamese kittens are pure white at birth, but within a few days markings which resemble little smudges of dirt begin to appear.

Harry Wynne, the energetic secretary of the N.S.W. Cat Fanciers' Association, has a fund of cat knowledge, although he only recently acquired a cat of his own when a kitten wandered into his backyard, and was immediately adopted by small daughter Carol.

He says that present day cats are descendants of wild kittens brought home by prehistoric hunters as pets for their cave-dwelling children.

The value of the cat in safeguarding food from rats and mice was recognised in Britain as long ago as 936 A.D., when laws were passed for its protection.

Popular beliefs that the cat can see in the dark, has nine lives, and can be trained to heed your every word are dispelled by Harry.

"A cat cannot see in the dark any more than a human, but he has an extraordinary alert sense, and can make the most of what little light there is," he said.

"He also has an uncanny sense of danger, and can save himself in the tightest spot, but if he goes, he goes."

"And he is never completely mastered. You can teach him many tricks, but you can never be sure that he will perform them when you want him to."

Harry Wynne said the cat's fight-



COMMON CAT. "Tommy" relaxes in the sun, but takes advantage of the post to sharpen his claws for the battles that lie ahead. He's typical of thousands of family pets.

ing armament, like his muscular development, is not conspicuous, but is distinctly effective.

His claws, 18 curved needles in velvet pads, are always sharpened to fighting keenness either on your lounge-room table or some convenient piece of wood.

Next time you see a scratch made by puss on some polished surface you might be sympathetic, for life often depends upon his claws, not only because of their use as weapons, but also because they make possible that swift, almost aerial ascent up a tree where canine jaws cannot follow.

Female cats, once they achieve motherhood, are known as Queens.

Ideal mothers

THEY are ideal mothers, and most of them will brave fire and other dangers to rescue their kittens.

Harry Wynne said a female cat may reproduce herself a hundred times in a lifetime of 12 years. Two litters a year are common.

Parenthood, unless care is taken, is often the extreme of the social scale.

A silken-haired lady of fashion and aristocratic breeding will frequently show a distinct preference for some lean, battle-scarred freebooter of the tiles.

Harry Wynne passes on his method of telling the particular mood of a cat.

● If puss is standing in front of you at the moment with its tail raised high, banner-wise, it is proud and contented.

● If the tail is straight out there might be a mouse handy because puss is on the hunt.

● If the tail is thrashing from side to side something has gone against puss' fancy, and it is angry.

● If it has the tail curled against its body you might try a little comforting because puss is worried and scared.



ARISTOCRAT. Chinchilla Persian Fairfax stretches on a sunny railing and ponders on the amount of time his mother is spending with "the kids."

FOR a moment Rex watched her brushing her hair and then said, "You should have come."

"I get the oddest feeling lately in crowds. Something like claustrophobia. I had to stand near the exit one time last year. It's awful."

He stood behind her at the dressing-table, watching her in the glass. "You haven't been sleeping well lately, I've noticed. I'll give you something." He disappeared downstairs and returned almost immediately. "Take these to-night." He handed her two tablets.

She turned and faced him. "How did you know I hadn't been sleeping? You must have been lying awake yourself."

He didn't answer that. He said, "Perhaps I keep you awake, reading so late. I've a mountain of medical journals to catch up on. I was wondering if you'd make up the spare-room bed for me. I'm sure we'll both rest better."

"Why—why—?" She moved some bottles into position on the top of the table as she spared for time to find her voice, to hold her poise. "Why, certainly, dear. Why don't we do it to-night? We'll make up your bed now. Come on and help me," she said gaily, dropping the brush.

He followed her out into the corridor. She laughed nervously as if it were some caprice they were indulging in. She chattered on, obviously unable to stop. She made various trips back to their room; to bring his dressing-gown, his slippers, his bedside books, his cigarette box, his ashtray. They said good-night.

She returned to his room once more.

"I brought these," she said, handing him the portraits of Dick and Tim—the snapshot of himself and Lady Brigid intact in a corner of Tim's. "Good-night again."

Back in her own room, she went to her dressing-table and resumed her usual nightly schedule. She pinned a net carefully over her hair. Then she began cleansing her face with cream.

She did it all rapidly, too rapidly, as if she were in haste. Her heart was beating too rapidly. She was unaccountably exhausted, as if the making of the bed had been a heavy exercise.

All at once, she felt drawn to the window. But at the window, she felt drawn to the bed. She walked to and fro aimlessly, as if there were nowhere in the room that she might rest.

Finally she sat in the chair—rigid. All the objects in the room—the two waiting beds, the mirrors, each separate object seemed to be waiting, like sentinels, watching her, like a scene on a stage waiting for the play to begin. The entire house with all its objects passed before her mind as on a screen, all these things that were gathered under this roof.

She was suddenly appalled that all this crowd of objects, the whole organisation of her home—of any home—was assembled about nothing more solid than an emotion between a man and his wife.

The building of the house, the keeping of it, paying bills for it, all this sober business, she saw then, was only the result of two people wanting to live together. The knowledge that the whole of her life was founded on the slim skein of affection between herself and her husband was frightening—and marvelous.

She saw clearly that the buttress of every roof of every home in the city was the intangible, imponderable—love. Without that the house toppled.

Like a thief she stole out and into the living-room and fumbled for the lamp. The Bible was in its accustomed place on the lowest shelf of the bookcase. She put it inside her dressing-gown and hurried back to her room.

She found the chapter. "But Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Evelyn swallowed the two tablets and waited for sleep, a sleep which, when it finally came, was crowded with images of the rather plain Englishwoman whose features, while you watched, changed into a bewitching beauty.

And she, Evelyn herself, was busy packing suitcases, about to catch trains that would not wait for her when she discovered that among the piles of suitcases, and at the very last moment, she had forgotten the one important garment, whatever it was.

On Monday Evelyn lunched with Alma, who invited her to the next lunch-hour concert. It was to be a programme of Mozart. Despite the fact that she had always been bored by Mozart, she accepted, readily. Immediately upon returning home, however, ashamed of her confusion, she telephoned Alma.

"Invite me for another Friday, Alma. I'm very anti-Mozart."

Alma was horrified and wanted to argue. But Evelyn was firm.

A permanent was on her calendar for Tuesday. Like a good soldier, she kept the appointment. She went at eleven. Since she had started with shattered nerves, she was surprised at her stamina. She remained quite calm until three o'clock, just when all was finished

except the combing out, then she could endure it no longer, and hastened home, her hair in tight little wormy curls all over her head.

After she had combed it out she lay down, trying to force the feeling of rapidity to pass, trying by enforced repose to change her pace.

It was just after dinner that Rex told her, "I have some news, Evelyn."

"News?" She toyed with her coffee cup. Her heart began its capricious behaviour again. Why should she be alarmed at news? News could be good as well as bad. Still, there was something in his voice that told her.

He looked very solemn. "I've had rather an exciting offer. To go to Japan." He paused, watching her face.

"That's wonderful," she gasped.

He went on talking, but all that he was saying was a blur; it came to her like the hum of voices when one is falling asleep. She struggled for composure as he talked on, his eyes alight. For a moment she almost hated him.

At last he came back to himself.

"Of course, there's the boys—and," he added, avoiding her eyes, "there's you." He lifted the coffee cup that had long since been empty and feigned to swallow. "But the boys are at school now. They won't miss me greatly." Then he raised his voice with mock cheer. "Besides, I shan't be gone forever."

"Of course it's rather a blow for me," she began. But she would not complain. She would not carp. She, too, would be impersonal, objective. "I can understand, though," she went on, "that all this looks little to you now, after the war. I can imagine it would." Her voice was feeble, vague. Within her mind, like a fugue, went the refrain: He'll go this time, and after that he'll go again, and there'll be another again, and again.

By midnight she had made up her mind. She removed the hair-net from her hair and the cold cream from her face and went quietly out into the hall.

His bed light was still on and the radio was playing softly. The day's newspapers were cast upon the floor beside his bed and a cigarette he had neglected to rub out was burning in an overloaded ashtray. He was awake, his face half hidden among the pillows.

"Rex," she began, "I don't feel well."

He came alive instantly, sitting up in the bed. Guiltily, he reached down to pick up the scattered papers on the floor. She shoved them aside with the tip of her pink slipper.

He pointed to his coat hanging on a chair. "The thermometer," he said. "In the breast pocket."

She handed it to him and sat on the bed beside him.

"Pain?" he asked, placing the thermometer in her mouth and reaching automatically for her wrist.

She shook her head.

"Just general discomfort?"

She nodded while his eyes fastened on her with that impersonal, professional stare. She turned her face half away from him, her eyes falling on the snapshot of Lady Brigid stuck away in the frame of Tim's picture. He released her wrist for a moment to turn sideways in the bed and switch off the radio. Then he took her hand again.

The silence was imposing. She began to feel absurdly important. The silence became intolerable at last. With a quick movement she removed the thermometer from her mouth.

She said, "I'm a fraud. I feel all right. I'm not ill."

He slumped back among the pillows, a puzzled, amused smile beginning on his face. She felt like a



caller who is expected to make conversation. She tilted her head toward Lady Brigid's picture and asked, quietly, conversationally: "Did you make love to her?"

He considered a moment. "I kissed her. Once. It was summer. And there were nightingales. You know the English nightingales."

For a moment she savored that pang of jealousy again. "I never kissed anyone while you were away. Not even once." She paused, then added humbly, "Of course, I had no offers."

"Perhaps that was because you didn't go round wearing your kissable self," he told her.

"Perhaps." She drew a deep sigh that ended in a shiver. "I just keep that self hanging in the wardrobe, filed away, don't I?" she asked.

"Yes—rather too much," he agreed.

Her chin was trembling. She kept her face averted so that those trained eyes should not notice.

"Rex," she said, "I don't want to be a Martha any more." Win or lose, it would be bliss if she could cry. Instead she was merely cold with a quivering chin. "I've tried so hard to be a good and proper wife. I suppose I tried too hard. I got lost among the details." He was toying with the sleeve of her pink silk dressing-gown.

"You were right when you said I thought I had to earn everything. I always felt that I had to keep on earning you." His head was bowed somewhere near her chin. "But what I want to know is: do you think the Martha in me is too chronic to cure?" She hastened on. "I want to go to Japan with you. Oh, I've thought about the children." She swallowed hard.

"But wouldn't it be better for the boys to have a married mother in Japan than a neurotic old-maid mother at home?" she finished.

"It won't be tidy in Japan." His voice was almost a whisper.

"But that isn't the question." She scuffed the newspapers on the floor with the tip of her dangle slipper. "The question is, would it be possible—no, no, no—she interrupted herself impatiently—"the question is: Do you want me?"

"Do I want you?" He was sitting bolt upright now. "Oh, darling, do you really have to ask?"

He had said darling. She said, "Darling, darling."

(Copyright)

FASHION FLASHES.

... BY

Lux

Hand-painted petticoats are making history!

New York Original... half-petticoat highlighted with hand-painted pages from a young belle's diary. Remember, ALL your undies will look bright and new three times longer with gentle Lux care.

Little-girl ruffles play out in the sun

Chic little checks in a two-pieceer sunsuit, fussed up with ruffles all over the place. How to keep that new, new look? Dipping in safe, gentle Lux keeps cottons crisp—colours true and lovely. Don't risk using strong soaps with lovelies like this!

The prettiest legs in town

Cobwebby silks or everyday rayons... cherish your stockings with a Lux dip every night to whisk out harmful perspiration. Tests show that stockings last twice as long when washed with gentle Lux.

That smart look... it's the LUX LOOK



U.254-19

MY RECIPE FOR SAVING!
ASK FOR MONKEY BRAND—
THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS
WITHOUT WASTE AND
NEVER SCRATCHES

MONKEY BRAND

CLEANS EVERYTHING IN
THE KITCHEN, BATHROOM, ETC.

Gay Morning

The gaiety and freshness of
the dawning Spring expressed in
the latest Cyclax creation—

Gay Morning Lipstick and Rouge.

This vivid, but subtly natural
colour, complemented by exquisite

Gay Morning Perfume is an
inspiration to delight you.



PERFUME 12/6



LIPSTICK 8/3

ROUGE 5/6



Cyclax

NEW YORK

LONDON

MELBOURNE

STRAIGHTEN-
ING his shoulders consciously, Bill
said, "Hi there, Madchen." There
was a package under one of his
arms, and he tapped it to divert
Margrit's attention.

"Know what I've got here?" he
grinned. "It's a French perfume
flask that plays the 'Blue Danube.'
I couldn't resist it. It just struck
me as the ultimate, somehow, in
musical gadgets. If you're a good
girl, I'll give it to you."

She could recognise the deter-
mined jingling of Jester's bells when
she heard them, so she laughed with
him over the perfume flask, and
they started to stroll along the
Platz.

"You said you wanted to talk
things over," she reminded him. "Do
you have some new angle?"

"Not exactly," he admitted. "I
thought we might just sort of re-
view the situation."

She tucked her arm into his as
she knew an American girl might
do and expressed the thought that
had been in her mind all the morn-
ing.

"I'd like to go back to that house,
Bill. Afterwards we could have
coffee in that restaurant where we
were before and talk. But I want
to go to the house first. I have
the strongest feeling—a hunch you'd
call it, wouldn't you—that there may
be something more there for us to
find out."

Bill didn't answer her immedi-
ately. He took long strides, as she
had noticed he did when he was
thinking something over, so that
she had to make a little skip to
keep up with him. Then he
shrugged.

"All right. Why not?" he said
shortly.

The streets of the narrow houses
were slippery and slushy under the
thawing afternoon sun, and water
dripped from faded tavern signs
eloquent of hospitality centuries
gone. They turned down a street
and approached the house with the
square arched.

As soon as they came within sight
of the courtyard they were aware
that the bicycle was missing. The

police must have taken it away for
investigation.

They knocked on the door and
after a while an old woman, not the
one they had helped with the
bucket, opened up and peered out
at them with rheumy eyes.

"Good-day, Gnadige Frau," Mar-
grit said politely. She was an in-
terpreter from the American Con-
sulate, she explained impressively,
and the police had sent her with
this Herr from the American In-
telligence Service, who was in-
terested in the activities of Herr Van
Hoogen and in his disappearance.
They wished to see the room he
had occupied.

"I don't like all this mystery, all
this business of the police in my
house. I don't like it at all," the
old woman grumbled. But she
opened the door for them to enter
and went hobbling off to a room at
the rear, returning with a big, tar-
nished brass key on her swollen
forefinger.

"I told the police this morning,"
she complained, "that Herr Van
Hoogen was a quiet, respectable
man. All those questions about his
bicycle, whether I knew when he
got it and where! It couldn't have
been so valuable if he was ready to
give it away."

This was new information. Mar-
grit took the key from the woman's
damp hand.

"When did he want to give it
away?" she asked.

"Just after he bought it. I re-
member it very well. I was going
out to the market, not that there
was anything to buy. It was just
before the end of the war."

"Yes?" Margrit prompted im-
patiently.

"I came out of the house, and
Herr Van Hoogen was examining
his bicycle. He said he had just
bought it, but he was afraid it
wasn't any good. He asked me if
I'd like to have it for my nephew.
But I said it was too large for the
boy, and then Herr Van Hoogen
said well, he supposed one bicycle

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 7

was like another and he might as
well keep it, since he needed one."

"Do you remember a visitor he had
at that time," Margrit asked her
eagerly, "a young man, very hand-
some, very brown, with blond hair
almost red?"

The woman shook her head. "No,
I remember no visitor. Tap on my
door back there when you come
down."

The room with the skylight ap-
peared just as they had seen it be-
fore, save that the doors of the
armoire were open now, revealing
musty emptiness.

"You see, it was a good thing
to have come," Margrit pointed out.
"We learned that Van Hoogen was
nervous about the bicycle." She
went to the window. The leaded
panes were streaked with dirt,
dimming the view of the broken
fall of the rooftop opposite and the
snow-shrouded chimney pots.

It was spring when you were
here. Were the casements open
and did you stand where I'm
standing, feeling the soft spring air
on your face and noticing how mel-
low the old roofs were under the
spring sun? Did you look at this
alien scene thinking of America
and of me and how you would take
me there? Margrit thought.

She turned slowly from the win-
dow.

"If the police pick up Van Hoogen
we may know exactly what
happened to Mac."

Bill sat on the end of the scarred
oak table swinging one leg. He had
picked up a stiffened paintbrush and
his fingers played with it. He
glanced up, without comment, and
then down at the brush.

"Somehow in this room I seem to
know that Mac isn't dead," she told
him. "Something occurred to me as
I was coming to meet you. The in-
formation at the Consulate was
probably not up-to-date. It would
report those missing then, but
probably wouldn't have the infor-

mation that one of them turned up
later in France. Mac could have
written me several times. You see,
my stepfather gets the mail first—"
She hesitated.

"Well, I believe he doesn't like
American boys, that he's set his
heart on my marrying a Swiss. He
could have destroyed the letters."

Still Bill said nothing, and she
thought she knew why.

"You think I'm just fooling my-
self, don't you? You think I'll never
see Mac alive again," she said.

"I think you won't see him alive,
but you'll go on seeing him—dead.
You'll go on and on and on unless
somebody stops you." He was mark-
ing circles with the brush on the
dusty table. "Don't you suppose I
know well enough why we're here?
You didn't expect to find any new
clue. You just wanted to be in
this room, where he had been."

He threw down the brush and
looked at her almost as though he
was angry with her.

"I want to ask you something.
Can you give me any clear and
honest reasons why you fell so
madly in love with him?"

"I don't think you can explain
a thing like that categorically," she
answered him, surprised and hurt.

"You've been categorical about a lot
of things. I know what he looked
like and how he lived and what he
did for fun." He folded his arms
together, and he had stopped swing-
ing his foot. "Tell me; does he like
poetry the way you do? Do you
laugh at the same kind of things?"

"There wasn't much to laugh at
under the circumstances." She re-
sented his shooting questions at her
like an attorney.

"You had a long time to talk that
night. Time to find out plenty
about each other. What were
some of his ideas about life and the
future of the world? What were
his dreams? Were they big dreams,
dreams you want to share?"

"I know what you're doing; you're
trying to tell me I didn't know
enough about him to love him."

MMARGRIT was
angry now. She felt that he was
betraying the trust in his sympathy
and understanding that she had
shown in confiding in him.

"Don't you suppose I'd have got-
ten over it long ago," she demanded
passionately, "if it had been only a
night's romantic infatuation? Cer-
tainly he told me his hopes and his
dreams. He wanted to get back to—"

"To Radio City! You didn't fall
in love with a man that night, Mar-
grit Kröller. You fell in love with
a country. That's all you talked
about. You kept him answering
questions, you told me. Well, he
gave you answers! He gave you a
hopped-up America strictly re-
surrection section and the movies he
promised to take you there, and you
fell for it because long ago you made
a legend of America and you've al-
ways been homesick for it."

His voice rose: "The war and the
soul sickness that you found in neu-
trality intensified your dream of
escape. Escape to that never new
land! That safety island. Auto-
mobiles and apple pie for everyone."

"He didn't overplay it! He simply
talked about his country as he knew
it!" They were shouting at each
other, their voices ringing harshly
against the antique beams.

"I grew up 'back of the yards' in
Chicago, where a good share of the
population didn't even own a tooth-
brush. Get dreamy-eyed about
that!" Bill's lips were white.

"My father was an idealistic in-
tellectual immigrant and he married
a girl from Ohio he met when she
was visiting a cousin at the settle-
ment house where he went to classes.
Her family threw her over, but she
didn't care. My father believed tre-
mendously in America for himself
and his kids. That's why he tried
to organize his friends to clean up
the rotten politics in his ward."

One hand closed and the knuckles
whitened under the tan.

"He was shot down by unknown
assailants," and I saw them do it.
I got this from a stray bullet," and
his fingers went to the mark on
his forehead.

Please turn to page 29

Be Lovelier Tonight!

"My Beauty Facials bring
quick new Loveliness"

Lana Turner

lovely star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

Feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your
face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy active lather the
way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, rinse with warm
water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry. Now skin
is softer, smoother, takes on radiant new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle
beauty care film stars recommend will make you love-
lier tonight! In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials
by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions
improved in a short time.



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

What's on your mind?

War widows struggle to rear children

PEOPLE do not seem to realise the urgent need of dependents of the men who died to save this country. Deprived of her breadwinner, the unfortunate war widow must still battle along with an inadequate allotment in spite of the recent increase.

How bitter are the feelings of these women when they see the better-clad children of their neighbors fortunate enough to have a father in the family.

The best memorial to our fallen would be a larger pension to the widows, so that they can bring up their children in decency and happiness.

Until the children are old enough to work, the war widow must bring in money to support them. If she is physically unable or untrained she must rely on this pension.

Why not make it a generous one? £1 to Mrs. D. O'Beirne, Box 5, Kaniva, Vic.

Epigram

ALTHOUGH it's said that some girls are unsociable at dances, they're not as bad as the men who stand in groups and discuss the weather, or the ones who go outside and get under it!

5/- to "Teen-ager," "Tanglewood," Gnowangerup, W.A.

Welcoming phrase

NOW that new homes are being built, wouldn't it be nice to have a welcoming phrase carved or painted above the front door or over the fireplace? Many old Scottish builders had this charming habit. Two delightful welcome signs I remember are:

"May God be a solace to those entering."

A protection to those departing."

The other:

"None shall enter save those who ensure truth and peace."

5/- to Mrs. F. Stagatch, 15 Ozon St., Alberton, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 12. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Newsreels on stations

THERE is one feature lacking from country and interstate railway stations in all our capital cities. That is a newsworld theatre.

Placed right in the station buildings these theatres would be most convenient for passengers to fill in the time while awaiting the departure of their trains.

Newsreel theatres are a feature of underground central stations in New York, London, and Paris.

Our railway departments should introduce them here.

5/- to Miss C. Colyer, c/o Mrs. G. Maim, 80 Bathurst St., Sydney.

Silent workers

WHAT a fuss some householders make about the rattling of cans and the clinking of bottles attributed to the much-abused milk canter! I consider these boys do their best not to disturb the five o'clock sleepers by wearing sandshoes and working in the dark with



the aid of a torch attached to their belts.

While the He-in-beds are warm and comfortable under the blankets, these poor lads are out in all kinds of wet and cold weather to bring the milk to your door.

5/- to E. M. Whiting, 1 Erith St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Not lazy

WHY are fat people always referred to as being lazy?

It's customary to think of people on the plump side as being amiable, over fond of food, and idle.

Often this plumpness is caused through glandular trouble or illness, and fat people work just as hard as those who are slim.

5/- to Miss Betty Taylor, c/o P.O., Arthur's Creek, Vic.

Strike away

WHILE sympathising with Mrs. D. Zbierski (20/9/47), I feel that she would have less trouble with flaring match-heads if she struck the match downwards and away from her.

If this is done and the match-head flies off, it will fall to the floor and there will be no danger of it burning the striker's face.

5/- to C. A. Robinson, 23 Boronia Ave., Concord West, N.S.W.

Far-sighted

IT would be a wise idea if people inserted name, address, and telephone number somewhere on their spectacle cases. Then lost spectacles could be returned immediately to the worried owners.

5/- to Mrs. D. Hare, 277 New St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 28

MARGRIT said, "Oh, Bill!" And then "Oh, Bill," again, bound by the pitiful inadequacy of words. Bill scarcely seemed to notice, as he went on talking hotly.

"My mother scrubbed offices to raise us. I finished high school and took a regular job, trying to get college in night courses. I could take care of her then and I was going to be somebody, make a lot of money, make it up to her." It was all bleak and bitter in his eyes now and tortured on his tongue.

"But her health was broken. I was deferred for defence work and because she was sick. Then she—she knew how I wanted to go, and she pretended to be better than she was. And I went. What?" He demanded, his voice close to breaking with a savagery of pain, "can America do for her now?"

Margrit went across the room to him. She took his clenched hand and closed both of her own over it. "Don't say that, Bill. Don't be so hurt."

He put his chin against her hair. The slamming of a door below echoed hollowly in the old house. The echoes died away in this top-most room and the house waited.

It hadn't always known only the deadness in the blood of old women and the fear in a furtive little man. It had sheltered often in its centuries something else under its peaked roof and it listened for the sweet and stirring notes of it now.

"I'm sorry you had such a bad time," Margrit said gently. "But I think it threw things out of focus for you. If Mac—"

"All right," Bill withdrew his hand. "Look—let's go now." He turned around and picked up his cap from the table. The old house sighed and settled.

Suddenly Bill struck his cap against the palm of his hand.

"I hate that guy! Hate him!" he said passionately, "and it's crazy because—" He broke off and gave her a strange, long, despairing look. "No, I can't do it. Come on." He strode over and opened the door.

They went silently down the dark steep stairs and left the key with the old woman.

Bill walked along the narrow sidewalk as though he was relieved by the necessity of going single file. As soon as they sighted a cab he hailed it for her and said awkwardly, giving her the puzzling impression that he wanted to be rid

Slot-machine methods on U.S. railways

PERHAPS the day will come when slot-machine amenities will be used by Australian railways. In America the slot-machine delivers nearly everything wanted by train travellers.

Passengers in the United States can drop coins in the slot and choose what they want. The choice includes hot coffee, aspirins, toothbrushes, popcorn, pocketbooks, a shoeshine, hot dogs, and even horoscopes!

Railway tickets also come out of the slot-machine, which saves Americans long queues at the booking office.

I'm waiting for the time when this system is introduced here.

5/- to Mrs. Jeanne Howe, 21 Prince St., Alberton, S.A.

Cinderella again

TALKING about the Cinderella legend (20/9/47), I've no doubt that most people still believe that Cinderella wore glass slippers.

That idea should have been shattered long ago.

Her sandals were made of fur and this became confused with the French word "verre," meaning glass. Of the two, I suppose that glass does sound more romantic!

5/- to Jeanne Krause, 8th Sixth St., South Cessnock, N.S.W.

DAD LOVES MY BUBBLE-AND-SQUEAK BUT, OH, WHAT A MESS IT MAKES OF THE PAN!



Don't SCRATCH the grease off! SHIFT IT WITH VIM and its added cleansing power

LATER WELL, I DECLARE - A SPRINKLE OF VIM ON MY POT-CLEANER AND THE PAN IS REALLY CLEAN FIRST GO



No matter what you use to clean pots and pans, you must have Vim with its added cleansing power. Vim puts a cushion of hard-working, dirt-removing particles between the caked-on food and your pot-cleaner or cloth. Sprinkle . . . rub . . . rinse—and, hey, presto, your pan looks like new!



NEW NOVELS

CORNERSTONE

by Dorothy M. Catts. A writer renowned in Australian literary circles for her outspoken and beautifully written romances of the early days of our land. "Cornerstone" presents a fascinating cavalcade of the adventurous lives of the pioneering days. Price 8/6.

HIGH RIVER

by Norma Handford. The author's acclaim. This Australian author's new book. You'll live the joys, sorrows, hardships, and triumphs of the folk you'll meet on High River Farm. Price 8/6.

DADDY SOWED A WIND!

by Cynthia Reed. One of the most provocative books of the decade—written with rare understanding and deep feeling. A psychological analysis of a woman's love, which takes the reader into an enthralling world of mental conflict. Price 8/6.

At all Booksellers

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PTY. LTD. Central House, Little Regent Street, Sydney.

BANISH the agony of TIRED ACHING FEET!



THE RAPID HEALER

1/6 (City & Suburbs)

0.81.27

The cool customer



A photograph four times magnified showing the extra open mesh of the improved Kool fabric made for lightness, strength, and perfect air-conditioning.

is a **Kool** customer!

If Kool air-conditioned underwear does give you an unfair advantage over the rest of the team, why not? It's time to change to Eagley Kool! Every go-ahead, young executive is a cut above drooping around in limp collar and perspiration-damped shirt. Cool in Kool, his linen is fresh, crisp, smart. He's the man who appreciates the importance of appearances by looking cool and keeping cool in Kool—extra wide-meshed vests with short sleeves to protect underarms of shirts and suits, modelled as a T-shirt for informal wear; and trunks multi-featured with elastic hips, adjustable waist, balloon seat and lap-over finish for extra smartness. Get out of the heat by getting into Kools!

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO

Eagley
Kool
AIR-CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR

EAGLEY MILLS

COLLINGWOOD • VICTORIA

DISTRIBUTORS FOR AUSTRALIA:

ISHERWOOD & BARTLEET PTY. LTD. • ROBERT REID & CO. LTD.

I Married My Secretary

Continued from page 9

VIVIANNE frowned. "I don't know, but I've got a feeling."

"And the judge has a toothache," I grabbed my hat and made a dash for the door.

I arrived at the judge's chambers panting and out of breath.

The judge held a damp handkerchief against his cheek, and in his eyes was an expression of utter misery. The room's light came from a lamp on the desk and was rather too dim to permit a careful examination. But I understood.

Brilliant lighting in a room often tends to increase the pain of a throbbing molar. He twisted his mouth open obediently and allowed me to probe.

"Hummm," I said professionally. "Is it anything serious?" he asked pleadingly.

"Serious enough to be pulled," I said.

I opened my bag and removed a few instruments.

"Are you going to pull it now?" he asked.

"Do you want to get rid of your toothache now? Or would you rather wait until to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" A tremor ran through his body. "I don't think I could live till then. Pull it now."

I adjusted the desk lamp as well as I could. "This is going to hurt a little," I said happily, "but you'll be as good as new when it's over."

I gave him an injection, and without further ado I pulled the tooth.

I mentioned before that it had been several nights since I had had a restful sleep. And I'm sure anyone would agree that under the circumstances I was entitled to be a little nervous.

The fact that my patient had it in his power to ruin me might have had something to do with the un-sureness of my hand. There was also the question of the poor light and the fact that everyone is entitled to at least one mistake.

One thing is certain. I chose precisely the wrong moment to make my quota of mistakes. I pulled the wrong tooth!

I didn't realize it myself at first, but I soon discovered my error. His Honor winced at the initial pain of the extraction. I helped him to the washbasin, where he rinsed his mouth.

"It still hurts," he said doubtfully.

"Naturally," I said with authority. "It's bound to hurt."

"It throbs," he said slowly. "I've got a strange notion that that tooth is still in my mouth." As if to convince himself that the feeling was deceptive he opened his mouth wide and peered into the mirror.

Vivienne and Camberton were pacing restlessly in the corridor when I joined them.

"What happened?" Vivienne asked.

"You look like a ghost."

"A man who is about to lose all," I murmured softly, "has a right to look like a ghost."

"Tell me the worst," she said.

I told them. "We might as well go home," Camberton said. "There's nothing we can do here."

Out of the corner of my eye I looked at Vivienne. But she remained silent, her lips pursed in thought.

"Nothing's so bad that there isn't a solution," she said at last.

"But what's the solution?"

"That," she said thoughtfully but not helpfully. "Is the question."

We paraded into the courtroom like a funeral cortege. I sank into my hard, uncomfortable chair dejectedly and gave myself up to grief.

The bailiff banged his gavel and shouted his unintelligible gibberish, which I assumed to mean that His Honor was about to enter.

It may have been my imagination that made me think that Judge Tomkins directed a withering glare in my direction. But, believe me, if that look had been fire I would have been reduced to a heap of ashes.

In his hand he held the same dampened handkerchief pressed tenderly against his cheek. Occasionally he winced with pain.

Vivienne leaned over and whis-

pered into my ear. "He still has his toothache," she said.

"I don't think I helped it any," I confessed.

She gave no indication that she had heard. Her lips remained compressed in a tight little knot of scorn. Her eyes were focused straight at Judge Tomkins. Suddenly she turned to Camberton.

"Suggest an adjournment," she said to him.

"My dear Miss Connor, if you are suffering from the delusion that this case can be won . . ."

"Hurry!" she insisted. "Do what I say."

Camberton sighed like a man with an overwhelming burden and rose painfully to his feet. "Your Honor," he said hesitantly.

Tomkins recognised him with a short nod.

"May it please the court, it is evident to the entire courtroom that Your Honor is suffering from a severe dental indisposition. Much as the defence would prefer to dispose of this case as quickly as possible it is abundantly apparent that an adjournment for the afternoon is in order."

Barker and Barker were quick to see a good thing. The more detestable of the two rose immediately and spoke with unblinking fervor of his great concern for His Honor's health. He insisted on an adjournment.

Tomkins banged his gavel. "Court is adjourned until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning," he said.

Vivienne got up quickly. "I'll see you to-morrow," she said.

"Wait a minute. Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going to save your worthless hide!" She turned on her heels and strode purposefully away, looking as she always did—competent and well groomed.

During the odd snatches of sleep I did manage to get that night. I dreamed that Judge Tomkins' mouth, as large as a fireplace, was exposed before me and that I was required to extract each of the hundreds of teeth therein. Each time I yanked a molar the judge shouted, "Wrong tooth!"

I must have pulled dozens before I awoke in a cold sweat.

The next morning I was tired and haggard, and it was only with the greatest effort that I was able to drag myself down to the courthouse. Camberton was already there, unhappy and discouraged. Vivienne arrived soon after.

"It's 8 o'clock," she said brightly. "I think we ought to go in."

Camberton nodded resignedly, and I accompanied them like a martyr entering a lion-infested arena. Messrs. Barker and Barker were sitting at their table looking very smug indeed, and Miss Lajoie seemed to be licking her imaginary chops in anticipation of a juicy judgment.

There was the usual ceremony when Judge Tomkins entered the courtroom. I glanced at him curiously and I noticed his hand still clutched that same damp handkerchief and his jaw was still swollen with pain.

One of the Barkers rose and announced that in his opinion the case for the plaintiff had been amply proved. The plaintiff rested.

Camberton was about to get up to begin his case, when he was interrupted by the sound of the gavel on the judge's bench.

"The judge is going to say something," Camberton whispered.

"Probably going to award judgment even before he's heard our side of the case. It's just as well, I suppose. Saves a lot of time."

Tomkins cleared his throat and shot a look of cold hate toward me. I groaned inwardly and felt very small in my chair. He cleared his throat again and winced as a mighty throb of pain darted through his decayed tooth.

"This court has heard the plaintiff's case," he said, "and it must be obvious to everyone that the plaintiff's claims are based on insincere motives and unethical legal devices. It seems perfectly clear that Dr.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Too intense an idealism leads many women to imagine their marriages are not all they should be.

Some wives expect too much and are disappointed when they find that marriage is like any other partnership.

HERE is a letter from a wife who knows herself to be fortunate in the man she has married, but feels disappointed that she is not always given the attention she would like.

"MY husband is kind and considerate in many ways, but disappoints me bitterly by often being off-hand and careless. We are happy enough at times, but just now I feel dispirited and neglected. Are my standards too high?"

You must not expect too much of either your husband or your marriage. Even to those best suited to each other, marriage is not all plain sailing; happy times and unhappy times are part of any life shared together.

Admittedly your husband is not perfect. But did he ever claim to be? And are you without fault yourself?

Try looking at yourselves as two ordinary people — with any ordinary person's good points and bad — who have undertaken a partnership that calls for the best from both of you.

Just because you are going through a bad time now, don't forget the good times that you have had.

"I AM a newcomer to this district and people often say to me, 'Do come and see me,' but do not make a date or time. I feel that this is too vague to be accepted as an invitation. Another point that worries me is whether to arrange a return visit when I am at someone's house for the first time."

As a rule, "Do come and see me" is a conversational courtesy rather than a definite invitation. Those who really mean it will follow it up themselves by suggesting a time and day. Don't rush people by suggesting a return visit when you are leaving, but let a week or so pass and then invite them to your home.

Drake has lost not one whit of his professional reputation and that he has been an innocent victim of unscrupulous schemers.

He winced again, and concluded, "Therefore, I declare the suit of Carmen Lajoie against Dr. Gerald Drake dismissed!"

He banged his gavel once, rose and left the courtroom. I stared at his departing back in amazement. Camberton sat stunned in his chair.

Vivienne stepped between us and led the way out of the building and across to the restaurant.

"I feel like another breakfast," she declared blithely.

I ordered my first hearty meal for days, though I felt a bit numb at the sudden turn of events. Camberton was still shaking his head.

"I can't understand it," he was saying.

Vivienne sipped her coffee slowly. "I'm disappointed," she said thoughtfully.

"Disappointed?" Camberton and I said the word as one.

She nodded. "I expected His Honor to make the speech much more forceful, but I suppose that under the circumstances it was the best he could do."

I stared at her. "You know something about this. What made Tomkins change his mind in mid-stream?"

"Oh, that," she said. "Have you ever heard of the power of mind over matter?"

I nodded. "How does it apply?"

"PLEASE tell me what to talk about when dancing with a girl. How does a boy ask to take her home?"

All girls do not like partners who keep up a running conversation. If you must talk, then talk about the things that interest the girl. People you both know, films, new dance tunes, her interests and sports.

Say "May I take you home after the dance?" as simply as that. But don't try it on somebody else's girl, or you'll have to account for yourself to her escort.

"WHEN my daughter became engaged to a boy in another district I wrote to his people, whom I did not know, saying we would be pleased to entertain any of the family if they cared to visit us. They have had six weeks to reply, but have not done so. What should I think?"

You can only think that they are unfamiliar with courteous behaviour. Apart from every letter demanding a reply, it is the custom for the parents of a newly engaged son to write to the girl concerned and her parents, welcoming the new fiancée into the family.

"I AM in my late teens and never have any fun other young people enjoy, and know hardly anyone of my own age. Even when my parents' friends offer to include me in their outings, I am not allowed to go. I am the eldest of the family and haven't a job, but help at home. Please advise me how to handle the situation wisely and well?"

Most parents consider it wise to encourage young people to make friends and develop interests and activities of their own. Even the most dutiful daughter has the right to this. If you cannot put your own case, perhaps there is some sympathetic family friend who will do it for you. The right to a normal, happy existence is always worth fighting for.

"I put two and two together," she said. "Where do you suppose Judge Tomkins went yesterday after adjournment?"

"How should I know? He probably went home."

"That's the one place he didn't go," she corrected me. "When a man has toothache as bad as his he rushes to the nearest dentist."

Camberton reflected. "That seems logical," he said ponderously. "But what has that to do . . ."

"I'll reconstruct the scene for you," said Vivienne patiently. "Tomkins goes to the dentist. 'I want a tooth extracted,' he says."

"Sorry," says the dentist, "we're not extracting teeth to-day."

"Why not?"

"The case of Lajoie v. Drake," says the dentist. "If I extract your tooth, what's to prevent your suing me for malpractice?"

"Absurd," says His Honor.

"The dentist shakes his head. 'I can't take unnecessary chances,' he says firmly. 'If Lajoie wins this case every dentist in the country will have to consult his lawyer before he so much as looks into a patient's mouth.'"

"The judge storms and raves, but it does no good, so he goes to another dentist. The dentist won't extract his tooth. He tries another and gets the same answer."

"Before the afternoon is over Judge Tomkins has visited perhaps a dozen dentists, and a dozen dentists have told him they are not prepared to risk their professional necks

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"THE boy-friend I have had for two years talks of marriage when he has enough money, but says he will first buy a car or motor-bike. Do you agree I have cause to be worried?"

If you want to be married soon I think he is the wrong man for you. He must be fond of you, but apparently is not yet ready to undertake the responsibilities of marriage. If you want him as a husband it seems you must be prepared to wait.

"WHAT sort of a girl have I struck? She is 18, I am 21, and we have been friends for the past six months. She is a wonderful girl, but gets moody and stand-offish, then says in explanation that she is only trying not to become too attached to me in case I give her up. This sounds odd to me, yet I think the world of her."

I think you've struck a girl who has become very fond of you, and every now and again realises that your relationship is anything but fixed and certain, and tries by being aloof to guard herself against a possible let down. In fact, I think she's behaving exactly as she says.

"DOES the bride-to-be acknowledge gifts immediately, or wait until she has returned from her honeymoon?"

No matter how busy she is, the bride-to-be should write a note of thanks at once to those who send presents.

until the case of Lajoie v. Drake has been clarified.

"With each passing minute the pain becomes more acute. A thousand devils are pounding his raw nerves with sledge hammers. That tooth has to be pulled! He decides forthwith to clarify the case of Lajoie v. Drake."

"That seems reasonable," I said, "except for one thing."

"And that is . . ."

"What was the real reason those dentists refused to pull the judge's tooth?"

"Oh, that," said Vivienne sweetly. "When I left the courtroom yesterday I went to a telephone booth and made some calls. Between me and several of my friends, all the dentists in Carrville were contacted within 15 minutes. The judge didn't stand a chance."

I gazed at the girl in open admiration. "You're wonderful," I said. "It's so simple I can't understand why I didn't think of it myself."

She patted my hand comfortingly. "What you need," she said, "is a guardian."

A guardian. I considered it for several moments, and the more I considered it the more I realised that she was absolutely right.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Dyed hair in films worries William Powell

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Since William Powell has had his hair dyed twice in recent films, he says he has more sympathy with feminine stars who change overnight from blonde to brunette or redhead in the cause of their art.

On Universal International's set of "Mr. Ashton Was Indiscreet" Bill described his trials to me as his tiny wife Diana laughed at him, and the hairdresser went on determinedly curling his white locks.

"FIRST I had to dye my hair bright red for the technician cameras in Warners' 'Life With Father.' Now I must have long white hair to play a valuable old senator from the South, who runs for President," he complained.

"The story is comedy based on political satire.

"I love the role just as I loved playing the father in 'Life With Father,' but, gad, how I hate the process that transforms me into these characters. It interferes with my private life."

As a curling-iron moulded wispy waves over his ears, Powell lapsed into moody silence, and Diana, wearing brown silk shorts and a white blouse, perched on the arm of his chair and took up the story.

"Poor Bill was not allowed to go swimming all the summer because his red-dyed hair would turn green if the chlorine in the water touched it," she said.

"Director Michael Curtiz solemnly warned him to stay out of our new pool. Bill thought he was being too conscientious about this, and experimented by snipping a piece of

hair and dipping it into a bowl of water from the pool!

"The hair turned a bright green all right, but I solved the problem for him. I rigged up his rocking-chair at the shallow end of the pool, and bought a huge sun-bonnet for him, as he had to keep his hair out of the sun to prevent it streaking.

"He was an impressive sight indeed, sitting under the water reading the Sunday papers with a flowered sun-bonnet on his head, but he was comfortable."

Bill grinned agreement and said: "You know, this idea that I'm a meticulous dresser off the screen is all wrong."

"Audiences think I'm the dapper 'thin man' all the time, but, as a matter of fact, I hate new clothes and I believe it takes five years to break in a new hat or shoe."

"I've worn my bathrobe for twenty years."

Bill says he took a terrific teasing when he appeared in public with red hair. His friends made remarks like "Van Johnson has competition now," and "Watch out for bobby-soxers, Bill."

To-day, with his snowy curls and doddering gait for the senator role, he is irritated by visitors to the set muttering, "Fancy that old man being married to a young girl."

But all this suffering may lead Powell to an Academy Award.

His performance in "Life With Father" has already brought predictions from critics that he is likely to win.

Columnist Erskine Johnson said: "Of course William Powell will win that Oscar. I mentally gave it to him just before his fourth, explosive 'gad.' It is hard to believe that anyone will give a better performance this year."

His wife Diana says they are both looking forward to starring together in a fantasy titled "Mr. Peabody's Mermaid." Powell will be Peabody and Diana his mermaid.

Powell's worst fault, according to Diana, is his unpunctuality.

"He is always late for everything, and blames it on the fact that he was born three weeks too early and is just making up for it."

The Powells are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Bill's health has never been better, though two years ago, after a serious operation he was not expected to live.

The couple spend a good deal of their time at their Palm Springs home, but they are temporarily living in a Beverly Hills hotel. After seven years' tenancy they have had to leave their house there, and are now looking for another home.



WILLIAM POWELL, looking very different from his usual screen self, has white hair and moustache for his newest film, "Mr. Ashton Was Indiscreet." Character roles are winning Bill many compliments, plus a lot of friendly teasing over his make-up.

Small boys invade Glenn Ford's home to see television set

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

GLENN FORD recently had a television set installed in the head-board of his bed. He looked forward to quiet and restful evenings, but the word got round.

Before long a gang of small boys, who are friends of his son Peter, began asking to see the set in action.

He capitulated by holding weekly sessions round the bed, where he distributes popcorn and peanuts to the youngsters while they solemnly enjoy the show, and his wife, Eleanor Powell, tries to smile as she sweeps up shells and wipes sticky finger-marks off furniture.

EYEBROWS were raised and whispers flew round at the interest Clark Gable seemed to be showing in beautiful Virginia Grey as they chatted over bowls of chicken soup at the MGM restaurant.

NEW fashion notes include Evelyn Keyes' new gipsy wine-hue overcoat lined with red and beige stripes matching her shoulder-bag, and Betty Grable's autumn coat in hunters'-green has plaid lining which matches her plaid handbag.

ALAN LADD is going in for raising racehorses by buying four yearlings and two two-year-olds for his stables.

NOW that Hedy Lamarr has won her divorce from John Loder, he spends his evenings eating spaghetti with the Continental star Magda Gabor.

Hedy has the custody of their two children and her adopted son.

DICK HAYMES is the latest pupil at Jon Hall's flying school.

He and his brother, Robert Stanton, plan an air jaunt to Canada when they get their licences.

BETTE DAVIS is looking over planes with a view to buying one now that her husband, William Grant Sherry, has his pilot's licence.

A SUAVE-LOOKING young man surrounded by girls in Warner's Green Room restaurant turned out to be William Powell's handsome son, who has just graduated from Princeton University. He is starting his career as an assistant in Warner's story department.

REO announce that "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Rosalind Russell and Michael Redgrave, will be shown with an intermission like "Gone With the Wind."

Not because the film is overlong, but "because the audience will need time out to recover from the shock to their nerves."

★ The Demonstrator SAID "Yes, that shade would suit your complexion"



★ But she MEANT "No face powder would hide that blotchy skin!"

Clear up those unattractive skin faults with

REXONA
MEDICATED SOAP

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona, with its special medication of Cadyl, gently removes all trace of embedded dirt and dust—tones up the pores and keeps them healthy. With regular Rexona care your skin stays fresh, naturally lovely.



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Clove, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Borneol Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.67.36

Film Review

★ HUNGRY HILL

MARGARET LOCKWOOD'S many Australian admirers will not be pleased by this expensive but dull Two Cities period film set in Ireland.

Her role is unreal, and in adapting Daphne Du Maurier's novel the character of Fanny Rose has been drained of its emphasis on the tragedy of loneliness. The star tries to make Fanny less artificial, but she also has to cope with inadequate photography, especially in the final sequences.

Dennis Price and Cecil Parker share stardom with Margaret in the story, which covers half a century.

The rivalry of the Brodricks and the Donovans over a copper mine in Ireland brings hatred and sorrow to three generations.

Fanny is seen as the spirited young bride of John Brodrick, then as the mother of a spoiled and dissipated son Johnnie. Neglected by him she goes to London and becomes a drug addict. Her return to Ireland is followed by more trouble until a murder charge is withdrawn, and an aged Fanny Rose sees some sort of peace between the feuding families.

Dennis Price is easily the most convincing of the long cast, though good character jobs are done by players drawn from the Dublin Abbey players.—Esquire; showing.

BING CROSBY ordered 16-millimetre prints of his films for the past 14 years.

"I want my boys to see them, not because I am in them, but because they show great actors like W. C. Fields, who was in 'Mississippi' with me, and is now dead."

"I think I had some of the finest supporting casts in the past, and I want my boys to see them."

ODD job of the week fell to art director Lionel Banks, who was told to design a chess set such as might have been used by players of the lost continent of Atlantis for the film of the same name.

Research revealed that the chessmen should be copper and antique silver.

JOAN CRAWFORD is practising dance steps with the idea of returning to a dance role on the screen with Fred Astaire as a partner.

"I know Fred has said he has given up dancing for the screen, and I said the same thing myself," said Joan. "But now we both think it's a good idea. Warners have asked me if I can get back in practice with one month's work-out, but I would like longer than that."

Perennially young Joan who made her screen debut seventeen years ago in "Our Dancing Daughters," is a lovely, slim redhead to-day, whose chief delight is ballroom dancing with her many swains.



JORJA CURTWRIGHT, former stenographer, worked in the office of producer Seymour Nebenzal till she got her first film chance. Now she is featured in the United Artists release "Heaven Only Knows."

Thrilling reading for all the family—Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-.



• **JANIS CARTER**, Columbia film star, recently insured her eyes for three-quarters of a million dollars with Lloyd's of London.



• **CATHERINE McLEOD**, who is under contract to Republic for seven years, is a clever pianist with a teacher's degree. Her latest film is "Will To-morrow Ever Come?" in which she co-stars with Don Ameche.



• **CYD CHARISSE** was a leading ballet dancer before she signed a film contract with MGM. She will be seen soon in "The Unfinished Dance" with Margaret O'Brien.



• **SIGNE HASSO**, Swedish film actress, who has had many good roles in Hollywood films. She is playing opposite Dick Powell for Columbia in "To the Ends of the Earth."

Step by step you
are led to needless
tooth extractions...



Now! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED **S.R.**



S.R. contains Sodium
Ricinoleate—which is used by
dentists when treating inflamed,
bleeding gums (Gingivitis) and
gum rot (Pyorrhea), which lead
to premature loss of teeth.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

SR.1.26

Here's What YOU Want for STOMACH UPSETS

De Witt's Antacid Powder is so
quick acting that one dose is
usually enough to relieve an up-
set stomach. In fact, quick relief
from the pain and discomfort of
digestive troubles is always at
hand—if you have this reliable
family treatment in your medi-
cine cupboard. RELIEF! That's
what you really want... and
you get it, because De Witt's
Antacid Powder consistently
does these three important
things:—

Firstly, it neutralises excess
gastric acidity. This relieves
the pain and distress you feel
after eating, when your stomach
is sour.

Then, it soothes and settles the
stomach. Consequently, your
next meal does not mean further
trouble for an already upset
stomach.



Finally, it protects the inflamed
lining, and thus helps Mother
Nature, the greatest healer of all,
to put things right.

So, if a sour, upset stomach is
turning you off food, or if heart-
burn and flatulence take all
pleasure out of eating, get a tin of
De Witt's Antacid Powder from
your chemist to-day. You will find
in this popular antacid treatment
the answer to most "tummy"
troubles.

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence,
Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists
and storekeepers everywhere, price 2/6. Giant
economical size 4/6 (temporarily in short supply).



CAPTAIN BOYCOTT



1 **GREEDY LAND-OWNER** from England, Captain Boycott (Cecil Parker), tells Irish bailiff Connell (Mervyn Johns) to insist on increased rent charges or evict dissatisfied tenants. He has arranged with militia to assist Connell.



2 **MATERNAL** reproach for seeming lack of interest is made to Davin (Stewart Granger), head of Irish rebels.

ORIGIN of the word "boy-cott" is explained in the J. Arthur Rank production "Captain Boycott," starring Stewart Granger and lovely Kathleen Ryan.

Story tells of the situation which developed when an English landlord in Ireland used military help to force his tenants to pay higher rents.

Their rebellion and their "boycotting" ended in disaster for him.

Some of the many character parts in the film are played by actors recruited from the famous Abbey and Gate Theatres of Dublin, who make their first screen appearances.

Background music was composed by William Alwyn for orchestra conducted by Muir Matheson.



3 **MEETING** army of rebels, Davin complains that they talk too much and evade direct action against excessive rent and evictions being made.



4 **STRANGERS** to county, Killian and daughter Anne (Kathleen Ryan) meet local hostility when they settle on one of Boycott's best farms.



5 **FEARING FOR SAFETY** of Anne and her father, Davin goes to warn her. He finds that her father has been killed by the evicted former tenant of the property. Davin and his mother also have been evicted.



6 **TROUBLE** is settled when Boycott has to give way to tenants and disappears. Anne and Davin find romance as Davin regains farm.

British Chief

THE
SMART
COTTON
FABRIC
THAT
SERVES
WITH
THE
COLOURS

A quick set for you



For a perfect set, whether you are blonde or brunette, use a few drops of non-sticky, quick-drying Amami Wave Set. You'll find Amami Wave Set very economical.

Price, 1/1½ and 2/11 per bottle.

You only need

a few drops of

AMAMI WAVE SET



a shabby house becomes . . .

Cheer up! You can cheer up the shabbiest place with paint. So many of us have to keep on living, for years to come perhaps, in homes that look very neglected today. But get away from those drab old colors.



Think of a brilliant Durbar red door!



Or a shining white piece of new lattice (which any husband can put up) against a green background.



A garden path that's blue as delphiniums (Taubmans blue Solpah will give you the color) instead of a stretch of grey concrete. The path could lead up to that brilliant Durbar red door.



A coat of gay Tangoite makes even a corrugated roof look happy.



Dynamel the kitchen furniture.



Paint your bedroom walls in a pastel with Dulsetta or Russolene specially prepared for the job. Paint all of your dark woodwork in cream, white or a color to match the walls.

The shabby little place that's now just a house to live in will soon become a home you'll love.



A DREAM HOME

with longer-lasting

TAUBMANS
—PAINTS—

Taubmans Paints come in colors and types for use wherever your house needs the protection of paint. There's TAUBMANS SUPER PAINT — the top-standard house paint that stays fresh-looking longer, through all the changing seasons. This all-weather paint has an iron-hard surface that clings closer—gives real outdoor protection.

There's Taubmans quick drying, gloss finish DYNAMEL for those important inside-the-house

jobs on chairs, cupboards, tables. Or TAUBMANS SOLPAH for linos and floors — cement paths and steps — and many others.

Taubmans paints did a grand war job. One by one they're returning as we expand production as fast as we can. Your dealer might not always have the exact color or type you need, but keep asking until you get sufficient Taubmans Paint to give your home full protection and beauty.

Gaynor



Elegant black court in fine suede and calf adorned with an attractive bow.

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOE

As easy to wear as



your smartest dress accessories

Western Electric HEARING AIDS



The fashion-conscious woman will welcome Western Electric's post-war Model 64 Hearing Aid, in smart inconspicuous, flesh-colour tonings. Apparel harmony is assured whatever the colours you wear. Western Electric helps you enjoy your share of the social activity around you.

DEFECTIVE HEARING NO LONGER A HANDICAP

To-day with the post-war Model 64 Hearing Aid, Western Electric offers a perfection of hearing hitherto thought impossible. Exclusive features such as "Full Colour" Hearing, Mercury Bias Cell, Micro-Magnetic Ear Piece, Finger-tip Controls and Tone Discriminator, to mention just a few, are reasons for Model 64's ascendancy over other instruments. Remember, every component of Western Electric Hearing Aids has been proven by years of research and operation under the most arduous conditions. Place your confidence in Western Electric, famous for Hearing Aids since 1882.

FREE HOME DEMONSTRATIONS. If you are unable to call then please write and our Representative will visit your home.

THE AUDIPHONE CO.

SYDNEY—M.L.C. Building, 44 Martin Place. Phone BW 7387. NEWCASTLE—Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter Street. Phone B 1989. MELBOURNE—110 Collins Street. Phone Central 4195. BRISBANE—Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen Street. Phone B 2983. ADELAIDE—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 12-14 Pirie Street. Cent. 6619. PERTH—Messrs. Sainken and Sainken, 633 Hay Street. Phone B 7728. HOBART—Findlay's, Elizabeth Street. Phone 3718. LAUNCESTON—Findlay's, Brisbane Street. Phone 482.

FURNISHING IDEAS ... from Canada

● These pictures give some glimpses of attractive home furnishings brought from Canada by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Flanders. The Bruck fabrics used are now being manufactured at Wangaratta, Victoria.



ABOVE: Mrs. Flanders, whose home at Edgecliff, N.S.W., is shown on these pages, serves afternoon tea in the den, windows of which frame panoramic views. This room opens off spacious living-room. LEFT: Glimpse of main bedroom, which has pinky-cream walls, cream wall-to-wall carpet, mahogany furniture, criss-cross marquise curtains, and appropriately toned drapes and bed-covers.



FURNITURE in the dining-room is mahogany. Collectors' pieces brought by Mr. and Mrs. Flanders from Canada are housed in the tall, break-front cabinet. Walls are turquoise-tinted. Comfortable chairs are upholstered in turquoise, gold, and maroon. Same colors are repeated in the four corners of cream carpet. Heavy rose brocaded damask curtains and the one massive painting add to the rich coloring of the room.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE
take HEARNE'S and
STOP COUGHING!!



KEEP YOUR HOME
MORTEIN-ACTIVE
AND YOU'LL KEEP IT
FREE FROM FLIES

Spray regularly
with
**Mortein
plus**



THE SUPER SPRAY THAT KILLS
INSTANTLY. KILLS OUTRIGHT AND
KEEPS ON KILLING!



WALLS of the living-room are turquoise-tinted. Chairs against windows are upholstered in turquoise, gold, and maroon, and the easy chair is also maroon. All the furniture, including the cocktail cabinet in the foreground, is mahogany. Colors in the cream carpet and the flowers repeat the tonings of chairs and lounge. Drapes are of heavy creamy-yellow brocade damask.



AT RIGHT: Eric, schoolboy son of Mr. and Mrs. Flanders, at the desk in his combined bedroom and study. Study furniture is blond Canadian maple. Patterned bed-spread and curtains are of "Habitant" fabric made on hand looms in Quebec homes.

CONVULSIONS IN INFANTS

By MEDICO

"CAN you come at once," said the anxious voice of Mrs. S— over the telephone, "baby's having a convulsion."

"By the time I get to your home," I told her, "he will be recovered. In the meantime loosen his clothing, and to prevent him biting his tongue place a padded clothes peg between his teeth."

"Prepare a warm bath, but test the temperature with the elbow before placing him in it. After five minutes in the bath, wrap him in a large dry towel, covered with a blanket, and place him in his cot. I'll be round to see him by then," I told her.

"Is a convulsion serious?" was Mrs. S's query when I arrived at

the house to find the baby sleeping quietly.

"A convulsion looks much more serious than it really is," I replied. "Calm action is called for in spite of the alarming appearance of the child. Babies have been scalded by being placed hurriedly in water that is too hot. A convulsion in a child has the same meaning as a shivering attack in an adult. Both of these may mean the beginning of an infectious disease such as measles or kidney infection. Sometimes it can mean that the child is developing meningitis, but that disease has lost its danger since modern treatment with sulpha drugs has been introduced."

I gave the child a sedative, examined his throat and lungs and took samples of his urine and spinal fluid for laboratory examination.

"Judging by the spots in the child's mouth, and his watery eyes, it looks as if he is developing measles. But I will examine the specimens I have taken and let you know definitely in two hours. If it is measles I will bring serum with me and give him an injection to prevent the attack from becoming serious."

"Could he be developing nervous trouble?" asked Mrs. S. "There is no epilepsy in our families."

"The possibility of that cause would only be considered if there had been several previous convulsions," I replied.

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs. S. "It gives me a sense of security to know that my problem is under control."

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny worms and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

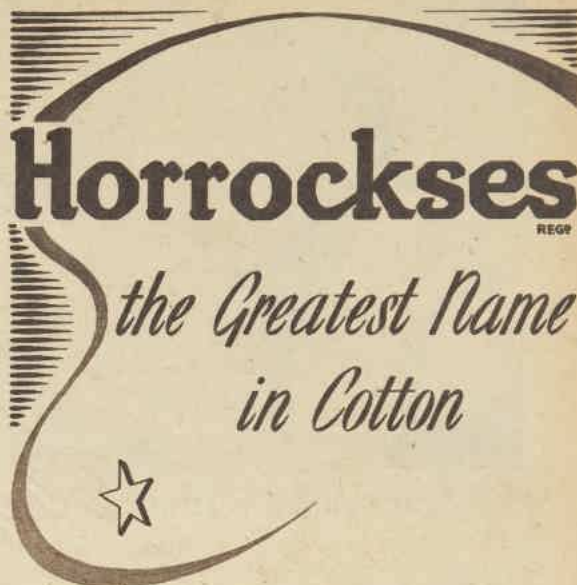
AHEAD FOR FIGURES

Cheers my dears! Those lovely Lady Ruth Charmalettes are back again. They're here to keep figures neat and trim and to give that wonderfully reassuring support that every modern woman needs. They incorporate the famous Charma "Underlift" Brassiere, too.



Charmalette
ONE PIECE FOUNDATIONS

AND
Lady Ruth PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS



SHEETS · PILLOWCASES

TOWELS · FLANNELETTES

WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS

SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS



HOW DOES SHE GET THAT Happy Poise of Perfect Health

YOU can only be radiantly happy when you are feeling gloriously well—when your energy and sparkle attract attention and excite the admiration of your friends.

What is this secret of buoyant health and personal charm? Millions of women have found it in Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime. Purely vegetable, they ensure easy and regular removal of all digestive and toxic wastes. They cleanse the system and tone you up.

So, start to-night with Bile Beans, which create inner health—the sure foundation of fitness and personal charm.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

BILE BEANS

In handy 1/3 and 3/- (family) sizes, of all chemists



"I have taken Bile Beans some time and find them most beneficial. Bile Beans restore energy, a clear skin and bright eyes. All these are so essential to me as a dancer."
—Miss J.M.



if it's sound restful *Sleep* you want...

it's MILO you want. MILO helps to soothe the nerves, banish fatigue, relax the body. It's the perfect nightcap.



if it's healthy *Energy* you want...

it's MILO you want. MILO is an energising blend of pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with invigorating vitamins.



if it's a delicious *Drink* you want...

it's MILO you want. You'll enjoy the palate-tempting chocolate flavour of this soothing, refreshing "tonic for the times."

it's
MILO
you
want



8 oz. tin

2/3

14 oz. tin

3/9

Country prices are slightly higher

The Tonic for the Times

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



MEDIUM DECORATIVE DAHLIAS, shown above, are available in a bewildering variety of colors, and to-day rival the orchid in their exotic beauty. Charm cactus dahlias (left) are also popular for home decoration. They, too, can be easily arranged, as stems are strong.

DAHLIAS for garden and house decoration

When the rest of the early-blooming annuals have finished flowering, space will be left for dahlias, which are usually planted from late October to mid-December.

— Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS accommodating family produces plants and blooms varying from the dwarf bedders, through the lovely little charms or miniatures, pom-pom, collarettes, hybrid, and garden cactus to the medium and large decoratives.

Stock for planting may consist of either divided rootstocks or tubers or of green plants, which are produced by starting the tubers and removing the shoots as they develop and rooting them in sand.

When dividing the clumps of tubers, take care to include a growth bud (one is enough) with each tuber

or division. Wait until the buds or sprouts are well developed before splitting up and then they can be plainly seen. Use a strong-bladed, sharp knife or very small saw.

Dahlias will thrive in a variety of soils, but usually do best in a rather sandy loam well supplied with humus. Nitrogenous fertilisers should be used sparingly, because they induce a sappy, leafy growth. The inclusion of plenty of wood ash to the soil will induce a shrubby growth and strong stems.

A few ounces of bone dust or meal to each plant will supply the necessary phosphoric acid. Nitrogen is best supplied in the form of well-rotted horse or cow manure. These materials should all be well mixed

in with the top six inches of soil.

Put the stakes in position before digging the holes and lay the tubers on their sides, not upright, with the shoot as near as possible to the stake, and fill in with good-quality, fertile soil.

Water thoroughly during periods of drought, so that the ground is wet to a depth of at least a foot. Usually water need not be applied more often than once a week.

Thrips, caterpillars, red spiders, and aphids are sometimes troublesome and need regular spraying with nicotine or some similar material.

Dahlias are subject to blight (in very wet periods or where the ground is badly drained), and several incurable virus diseases, including spotted wilt. Wilt causes marked yellowing of the foliage and wilting on very hot days, but rarely seriously affects the bloom. As it carries on from year to year affected tubers should be thrown out.

BABY NEED NOT CATCH COLD

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE in-between seasons of the year, with their sudden changes of weather, usually produce a crop of colds.

The common cold, as well as being unpleasant, can often cause serious trouble if neglected, especially with infants and young children.

Bodily resistance to colds should be built up carefully.

A leaflet telling how this can be done, and giving hints for the simple treatment of babies' colds, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Eridge Street, Sydney. Send stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau (at the above address) provides a free pre-natal service daily, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. As well as advice regarding the pre-natal essentials of correct diet, exercise, care of the breasts, etc., helpful demonstrations, including baby's layette, cot-making, and bathing baby, are given.



BABY: Now you're trimmed down, do you still think you measure up as a mother?

MUMMY: Honey I feel so-o-o big! If your skin gets this uncomfortable no wonder you howl!

BABY: I thought this would show you that a baby's skin needs extra care. Why not treat me right with Johnson's Baby Powder and Baby Cream.

MUMMY: I will — from now on . . .

BABY: Good for you! I need lots of Johnson's Baby Powder, cool sprinkles of it, so chafes and such never have a chance . . . Then too, I need Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream to clear up skin irritations quick as you can wink an eye.



Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream



Johnson & Johnson
PTY. LTD.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

587



NO WONDER women are attracted to this kitchen displayed at Anthony Hordern's, Sydney. At a touch of a switch soft lights glow above work-benches and double sink. Cupboard above latter houses drying-racks for china. An extra working table slides out when required. Imitation tiled walls ask only for a "wipe-over"; linoleum floors mounted on canelers are easy on the feet; all top cupboards can be reached without aid of stool or stepladder. Other features: Special vegetable accommodation; an appliance cupboard, ironing machine, and refrigerator.



I get full marks
for my washing

since I've had

the wonderful new **ACME**
CLEANSER
WRINGER

"How white the clothes are mother." Yes, those compliments are the reward of the woman who uses the new Acme Cleanser Wringer, with its amazing power of cleaning the clothes as it wrings them.

What is the Acme secret? Pressure! Controlled pressure, which forces out every last scrap of dirt—never mind whether you are washing a heavy blanket or a baby's bib. So gently, too—the most delicate fabric is completely safe with the Acme.

Other star features make the Acme outstanding. Don't delay! Ask your dealer TODAY to show you the latest post-war Acme, designed in every detail to ease your washday—to give you a wash really fresh and sweet, snowy clean.

Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores.



Supplies are still limited owing to shortage of raw materials, so if you can't get an Acme right away don't be put off with a second best—the best's well worth waiting for.

Factory Representatives:
MESSRS. J. CHALEYER & COMPANY,
PIONEER HOUSE 353, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, G.I.

The perfume
to wear and
remember



7777 PERFUME
EAU DE COLOGNE, LAVENDER
TALC POWDER

A GILVO PERFUMERY PRODUCT



I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. F.I.A.

FORD PILLS

"Use up Yesterday's Bread in this grand new dish"



— says ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery
and Nutrition Expert

"Yesterday's dry bread becomes an asset instead of a loss, in this new Kraft dish," says Elizabeth Cooke. "It tastes like a delicious soufflé, and when you serve it with baked tomatoes and grilled bacon, you have a tasty, nutritious main course for the family's lunch or supper."



CHEESE STRATA

4 or more large slices bread, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1½ cups shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper.

Spread bread with butter or margarine. Arrange two slices in bottom of greased pie dish or baking dish, trimming bread to cover entire surface. Sprinkle with portion of shredded cheese. Cover with remaining bread and cheese. Beat eggs slightly; add milk, salt and pepper; mix. Pour over bread and cheese in dish. Let stand about one hour; set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., 35-40 minutes or until puffed up and lightly browned. Serves four.

KRAFT CHEESE Tastes BETTER because it's BLENDED BETTER

Be sure to ask for KRAFT CHEESE and enjoy its delicious, blended goodness EVERY DAY, in sandwiches, snacks and tasty cooked cheese dishes like this new Cheese Strata.

KRAFT CHEESE has the same, rich, mellow flavour in every packet—the same creamy-smooth texture, which makes it so easy to slice, shred or melt for cooking. It STAYS FRESH in its hygienic foil wrapping. So get your KRAFT CHEESE in the 8oz. packet.

RICH IN VITAL FOOD ELEMENTS

Once for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins—for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

ECONOMY NOTE: It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the Kraft 5lb. loaf at your grocer's.

Three Little Australians

... born
under the Sign of
LIBRA



According to astrological authorities, the influences of "Libra"—the Balance, are in full sway between September 21st and October 20th . . . and children who are born at this time of the year are likely to take a high place in the world of thinkers, scientists or authorities on the law. Even-tempered, orderly, Libra people can enjoy great popularity and make hosts of friends, so these three youngsters have good prospects for a rich, full life—and they're off to a good start with healthful Vegemite in their diet every day.



KEVIN OLIVER

Two years old on October 2nd, Kevin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Oliver of Selbourne Street, Auburn, Victoria. Mrs. Oliver says: "The local Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for Kevin. He loves it and I know it's rich in the vitamins he needs to keep him the picture of health."



HELEN HANNAFORD

With her fifth birthday on October 2nd, Helen is the lively young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hannaford of Kingsford, N.S.W. "I didn't realise how much difference vitamins can make to a child's health until I started giving Helen Vegemite. It's been a marvellous help in building her up," says Mrs. Hannaford.



ANGUS McLEAN

Angus is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean of Main Street, Mordialloc, Vic., and September 26th is the date of his first birthday. Mrs. McLean says: "Angus has been having Vegemite regularly ever since the Infant Welfare Centre recommended it to me—and I'm sure all the vitamins in Vegemite are doing him a world of good."

Vegemite—a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D." Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States



Pineapple

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THE characteristic flavor of pineapple, either eaten alone or combined with other sweet or savory foods, is palatable and appetising.

Use pineapples freely while they are at their best—in salads, in hot or cold sweets; crystallise or preserve some for future use, or make them into jam.

Precooked pineapple gives best results in most puddings, particularly those containing gelatine.

Uncooked pineapple prevents gelatine mixtures setting, so cook

pineapple in a small quantity of syrup until fruit is tender.

Syrup from cooked pineapple may be reserved to make a refreshing drink: Place pineapple core and peelings in a saucepan with the syrup, adding sufficient water to make liquid up to five cups. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Strain, add orange juice, lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Chill and dilute further (if desired) before serving.

Continued on page 42



Brimming with
luscious cream...
that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk
you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight tin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trufood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it... cook with it... give it to baby... whenever you need milk, use Trufood.



Mixed and made
in a moment!
You get a full
half-gallon of
rich dairy milk,
containing nearly
half a pint of
cream, from
every 12 ounce
tin of Trufood.

★ Only fresh milk goes into
Trufood — no preservatives of
any kind are added.

TF 7426

For perfection
in a Dressing Gown



The Acorn label is a guarantee
of supreme quality in Dressing
Gowns for ladies, gentlemen and
youngsters.

Look for the Acorn Label

THIS PRINCESSED FROCK
SURE STUNS 'EM — LOOKS
NEW. ME FOR PRINCESS
DYES — THEY'RE SO EASY TO USE

PRINCESS
DYES

DOUBLE
SIZE
PACKET

1' EVERYWHERE



PRIZE RECIPES

● A mixture of salmon and
mashed potato moulded
round hard-boiled eggs wins
first prize for a Victorian
reader in this week's recipe
contest.

FOR a breakfast dish
try banana-and-
bacon rolls. Cinna-
mon is sprinkled on
the banana after it has been
drenched with lemon juice.

For a variation try pineapple
strips in place of bananas. Smaller
slices make excellent cocktail
savouries.

All homemakers are invited to
enter their favorite recipes in this
popular contest. Cash prizes are
awarded every week.

SALMON EGGS

One tin salmon or fish cutlets,
hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups freshly
mashed potato, pepper and salt, good
squeeze lemon juice, grated rind of
1 lemon, little flour, egg-glazing,
and breadcrumbs.

Break up salmon and mix with
mashed potato, pepper, salt, lemon
juice and rind. Remove shells from
eggs. Using a little flour, mould a
portion of potato round each egg,
completely covering. Dip in egg glaz-
ing, toss in breadcrumbs, and deep
fry in fuming fat till golden brown.
Drain, and serve cut in halves with
sliced tomatoes and green peas.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hewett,
57 Thames Promenade, Chelsea S15,
Vic.

PEACH BLOSSOMS

Three dessertspoons butter, 2
teaspoons castor sugar, 1 egg, 1
cup self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon
cornflour, pinch salt, 4 dessertspoons
milk, 1 dessertspoon sherry,
cochineal.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add
unbeaten egg, beating well. Sift
flour, salt, and cornflour together
3 times, and add alternately with
milk to creamed mixture. Fold in
sherry and a little cochineal, mixing
well. Three-quarters fill preheated
greased gem tins with mixture and
bake in fairly hot oven (400deg. F.)
12 to 15 minutes. When cooked and
cooled cover rounded sides with pale
pink icing flavored with sherry. When
icing is firm cut a slice off
the top and scoop out a little of the
inside. Fill with cream. Replace
slice, cut in half. In centre of cream
place thin strip of angelica and
sprinkle with little green sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
V. L. Honeysett, 2 Deepdene, Staf-
ford St., Double Bay, N.S.W.

SWISS POPOVERS

Three eggs, 2½ tablespoons sugar,
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup
milk, 2½ cups sifted self-raising flour,
pinch salt.

Beat eggs well, add sugar. Con-
tinue beating till thick. Add lemon
rind and then sifted flour and salt
alternately with milk. Place small
dessertspoonfuls into large amount
of fuming fat and fry until golden
brown. These will turn themselves
over and will continue turning until
they are cooked and evenly browned.
Drain on kitchen paper and roll in
mixture of icing sugar, cinnamon,
and crystal sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
C. Barsby, 5 Keith St., Maryborough,
Qld.

BANANA AND BACON ROLLS

Bananas, bacon rashers, lemon
juice, cinnamon.

Peel bananas. Cut lengthwise,
then in half. Drench with lemon
juice. Dust lightly with a little
cinnamon. Remove rind from bacon
rashers. Cut into two or three
lengths, depending on size of rasher.
Wrap piece round each banana
quarter, securing with cocktail stick.
Grill 4 or 5 minutes, turning fre-
quently until bacon is cooked. Re-
move cocktail stick and serve piping
hot with tomato slices, and garnish
with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
H. Paterson, 21 Upper Melbourne St.,
West End, Brisbane.



BACON-AND-BANANA ROLLS piping hot from the grill and served
with tomato slices for breakfast. See prize recipe below.

①

YOU'LL have lots
of fun making
these Swiss pop-
overs. They're
ideal for after-
noon tea or may
be served hot with
custard for a des-
sert. See prize-
winning recipe.

②



Pineapples... Continued from page 41

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON TART

(See color photograph, page 41.)

One cooked pastry-case, 2½ tea-
spoons gelatine, 1 cup water, 3 eggs,
1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon
grated lemon rind, 1 cup shredded
cooked pineapple, chopped nuts.

Soak gelatine in water. Cook egg-
yolks, salt, lemon rind, pineapple,
and half the sugar for 15 minutes,
over boiling water, stirring occa-
sionally. Add gelatine, stir while
cooling over bowl of ice. Fold in
egg-whites beaten stiffly with bal-
ance of sugar. When beginning to
set pile into cold pastry-case, chill
until set. Serve cold, garnished with
grated pineapple and chopped nuts.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN PUDDING

(See color photograph.)

One dessertspoon margarine or
butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 4
slices pineapple, a few cherries.

Sponge Mixture: Two ounces mar-
garine or butter, 2oz. sugar, vanilla,
1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-
raising flour, pinch salt.

Prepare a 7in. sandwich-tin in the
following manner: Beat the des-
sertspoon margarine or butter to a
soft, fluffy cream with the brown
sugar. Spread as evenly as possible
over the bottom and sides of tin.
Arrange pineapple slices and cherries
to form a pattern. Prepare sponge
mixture. Cream margarine or butter
with sugar and vanilla. Add egg
and beat until thoroughly mixed.
Fold in milk alternately with sifted
flour and salt. Fill into prepared
tin, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 20
to 25 minutes. Turn on to cake
cooler if to be served cold, on to
serving dish if to be served hot.

PINEAPPLE WEDGE SALAD

(See color photograph.)

Sliced pineapple, large firm
tomatoes, cream cheese, a little
milk, salt and cayenne pepper, curled
celery, radishes, lettuce leaves.

Soften cream cheese with a little
milk, add pinch cayenne and salt if
needed. Spread half the pineapple
slices with cream cheese, cover with
a thick slice of tomato and place
remaining pineapple slices on top.
Cut each "sandwich" into three
wedges, leaving one "sandwich" un-
cut to decorate centre of platter.
Arrange on serving platter with
lettuce leaves, curled celery, and
radishes. Mayonnaise may be served
separately.

BACON AND PINEAPPLE SNACKS

(See color photograph.)

Slices of thin, dry toast or well-
drained fried bread, for each slice
allow 1 tablespoon finely sliced
cooked bacon or ham, 1 teaspoon

mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon shredded
drained pineapple, 1 dessertspoon
grated cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped
parsley or a little paprika.

Prepare toast or fried bread. Bind
ham or bacon with mayonnaise,
spread over bread. Cover with pine-
apple, top with grated cheese. Place
under hot grill 3 or 4 minutes to
reheat and melt and lightly brown
the cheese. Dust with chopped
parsley or paprika and cut into
finger-lengths, squares, or triangles
before serving.

CRYSTALLISED PINEAPPLE

One ripe pineapple, 2 cups sugar,
water, 1-3rd cup glucose.

Wash and peel fruit, removing all
eyes. Cut into slices, cover with
water, simmer until tender. Drain,
reserving 1 cup of the juice. Place
sugar, pineapple juice, and glucose
into a saucepan. Bring slowly to
the boil, cook until the syrup spins
a thread when dropped from the
spoon (235deg. F.). Add fruit, avoid
overcrowding the saucepan. Sim-
mer until fruit is clear. Lift fruit
from syrup, drain; place on a cake
cooler. Allow to dry until fruit is
no longer sticky. Dust lightly with
extra castor sugar, pack between
layers of waxed paper, place in tins
or jars with screw tops.

JELLIED PINEAPPLE FRUIT SALAD

One large ripe pineapple, 1 pint
water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 table-
spoon gelatine, 2 bananas, 2 passion-
fruit.

Wash and peel pineapple. Cut a
slice from the top of pineapple and
with a fork scrape out pulp—leaving
a hollow case. Trim base so that
pineapple will stand upright. Com-
bine pineapple pulp, water, and
sugar. Simmer 10 minutes. Dissolve
gelatine in some of the hot syrup,
add balance of syrup, cooked pine-
apple, sliced bananas, and passion-
fruit pulp. When beginning to
thicken fill into pineapple-case, chill
until set. Serve in thick slices,
topped with ice-cream or whipped
cream.

PINEAPPLE AND TOMATO JAM

One large pineapple, 6lb. tomatoes,
4lb. sugar.

Wash and peel pineapple, grate
coarsely. Cover tomatoes with
boiling water, stand 1 minute, drain,
and remove skins. Chop roughly,
place in preserving pan with grated
pineapple and boil gently until pine-
apple is tender. Add warmed sugar
and boil quickly until mixture
"jells" when tested on a cold saucer.
Bottle while hot into clean, dry
hot jars. Seal and label when cold.

SPRING INTO SUMMER

WITH

Jaunties



Light hearted, care-free—Jaunties are the glamour play shoes for teen-age misses. They're colourful with rich springtime reds and blues. They're *fashion-firsts* with bright new colours, smart new styles. They're *comfortable*, a perfect fit for the active foot.



Jaunties "SPORTSTEP"



Jaunties "SUNFROLIC"



Jaunties "SPRINGSTEP"



Jaunties "STROLLER"



Jaunties "TOPLINER"



Jaunties "SWINGALONG"



Jaunties "SUNSTEP"

LOOK FOR
PADDLE
Jaunties

AT YOUR SHOE STORE

JAUNTIES COLOUR RANGE

All Jaunties Styles are available in:—All White—Red and White—Blue and White—Tan and White—London Tan and Fawn.



Limited supplies
of **Tootal Ties**
are available

Branded Tebilized for tested crease-resistance

'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... A MASK is no disguise for him ... I'd know him anywhere with that rough and tumbled hair. Loose dandruff too. Dry Scalp will do it every time. Someone should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ... and it might as well be me ..."

*Hair looks better.. scalp feels better..
when you check Dry Scalp*



WHAT A DIFFERENCE! That's what happens when you help to check Dry Scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. It works with nature to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind. Your scalp quickly feels better. Itchiness and loose dandruff disappear. Your hair quickly looks better — smooth and well-groomed again.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Double care — Both Scalp and Hair

CLASSIC FIGURES ... by modern methods

● When you embark on a morning toe-touch session for the sake of your figure, do you want to strengthen your stomach muscles or limber up your waist?

By **CAROLYN EARLE**, Our Beauty Expert

AND while you are bending, what is happening to your legs and your shoulders because of those straight-held knees?

You've probably never thought much about it, but you cannot exercise one part of the body without setting up counteraction or restraint—sometimes both—in others.

Nicholas Kounovsky, a young Russian expert on physical training, a graduate of the Sokol Method of Gymnastics in France, a diploma-holder of the Ministry of French National Education and a graduate of the Swedish Institute in New York, says many people have little knowledge of the objects of exercise, so often their exertions produce bunches of muscles instead of lean, flat ones.

They create tension instead of flexibility.

Many who want to improve their physique have difficulty in choosing the proper kind of exercise and understanding how it should be done.

Kounovsky's theory on exercise is based on the premise that the human body possesses six principal faculties on which natural physical perfection depends:

Endurance as opposed to fatigue; **suppleness** as opposed to stiffness; **equilibrium** as opposed to lack of balance; **strength** as opposed to weakness; **speed** as opposed to slowness; **skill** or co-ordination as opposed to clumsiness.

After a great deal of study and research Kounovsky has worked out practical ways by which individual development may be assessed and improved by developing, educating, and re-educating slack articulations.

His theory is that bodily fitness is an even balance of the six factors, and he says that planned exercise should be double-barrelled—to maintain those already at concert pitch and at the same time to focus on those less than perfect.

One can easily have bodily

strength but be slow and clumsy in movement, or be supple as a cat but weak as a kitten.

An exercise routine that omits or neglects any one of the sextet will be incomplete, but when all factors are well balanced perfect control of the body is produced, relaxation for the nervous system, and that satisfying sense of well-being.

Lack of exercise may be the flaw in your particular case, but under this method constantly lashing yourself into perspiration by strenuous physical training is probably not necessary and will not help you.

This is how the Kounovsky theory works with that old standby—touching the floor with the fingertips without bending the knees.

Supposing you want to build **Endurance** ... you would start off one fine morning with just a moderate number of bends, gradually stepping up the number as performance brought flexibility to 50 or more, disregarding speed for rhythm.

For **Suppleness** ... you would put lots of stretch into the exercise, reaching the arms far up and back before starting the forward-downward swing, and then reaching down to the floor as far as possible.

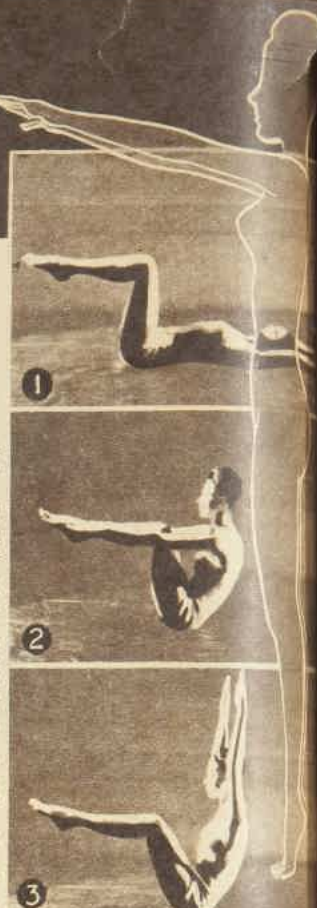
For **Equilibrium** you would do the exercise slowly, then fast, first with the eyes open, eventually with them closed, then on tiptoe.

For **Strength** ... slowly and steadily, stretching the arms forward slowly, bending to the floor and coming back slowly, resting between bends.

For **Speed** ... the exercise would be done rapidly, increasing the tempo as you went along.

For **Skill** ... without a stop between, going through the exercise in each of the various ways—slowly, fast, stretching, eyes open then shut.

Since slimmness through the middle is a basic necessity in these days of moulded waist and hip fashions, I have selected for illustration a set of Kounovsky exercises aimed at toning these muscles.



KOUNOVSKY PROCEDURE 1-3-3-2-1. Assume position. First, sit up. Second, move arms forward, try to hold. Third, raise arms above head for few seconds. Fourth and fifth, return to second position, then first. Relax.

Where muscles have become slacker than you like and only a little tightening up is wanted, do the movements at an easy, even pace.

If you want to reduce size while toning the muscles, work up to a brisk speed.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY BABY-CARRIER

● The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier has been renamed the "Matron Show" baby-carrier, and is now being retailed by David Jones at their Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney, N.S.W.

**Always Wakes - up
HAPPY
and
BRIGHT**



"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down—yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 30 Powders — 1/6

**Ashton & Parsons'
INFANTS' POWDERS**



PLUS
something extra ...
that's
Benger's Junket

Benger's—famous as makers of Benger's Food have the "know-all" to make a junket that's really delicious, nourishing and easy-to-digest. Yes, Benger's Junket is good for you and good to eat—smooth, appetising, equal to 1½ times its weight in milk. Enjoy it in five fine flavours—Banana, Strawberry, Milk Chocolate, Coffee and Vanilla.

BENGER'S IS EVEN EASIER DIGESTED!



A GIRL CANNOT HOPE TO
BE ALL EMBRACING

WITHOUT

Kirby Beard Specialities



PINS-HAIRPINS
HAIRGRIPS
SAFETY PINS
& NEEDLES

Obtainable from all good stores, made in England by
Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham 12, England

Forty need not be A MILESTONE

In middle age, or later in life, there is no real reason why you should feel listless, depressed and run-down. You can keep fit and active. In step with the pace of business life, or on top of the strain of heavy home responsibilities. Don't let the race go to more active competitors—take WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS is a rich full bodied wine, blended with nourishing ingredients, and containing essential fortifying elements and vital foods which stimulate the brain and nerves and nourish the entire body. You'll feel the first sip doing you good. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to its high recuperative value. Ask for WINCARNIS—the "Quick Action" tonic.

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM
YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE.



FOR BOILS—
Antiphlogistine

RHU PILLS

for
CONSTIPATION

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CORAL." Cool summer frock

Designed in an American Roller-printed rayon crepe, this frock is obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready for making up. The patterned material has a white background with a design of a large eagle in colors of brick-red, turquoise, lime-green, royal-blue, all outlined in black.

The frock has a softly gathered bodice from a pointed yoke, short sleeves, and a high, rounded neckline, which opens to form a low "V." The skirt is gathered at the waist at both back and front.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 99/11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 102/6 (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 78/6 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 79/11 (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

N.B.: When ordering "Coral," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 923—Daintiest Layette for Baby. This six-piece layette would be a most welcome present for a new arrival. It consists of frock, matinee jacket, bonnet, nightie, slip, and pilchers traced ready for you to cut out, make up, and embroider in a cream twill, which is ideal for babies' wear. Lace is not supplied. Frock, 11/6 (2 coupons), postage 6/6d. extra. Slip, 4/11 (2 coupons), postage 5/6d. extra. Matinee Jacket, 8/8 (2 coupons), postage 6/6d. extra. Bonnet, 3/11 (no coupons), postage 3/6d. extra. Nightie, 11/9 (2 coupons), postage 6/6d. extra. Pilchers, 3/11 (1 coupon), postage 2/6d. extra. Full Set, 43/- (11 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 924—Pretty Luncheon Set. Traced clearly on sheer white cotton, the set consists of centre mat, four place mats, and four serviettes. Full Set, price 8/11, postage 5/6d. extra. Centre Mat 2/3, postage 1/6d. extra. Place Mats 8d. ea., postage 1/6d. extra. Serviettes 1/- ea., postage 1/6d. extra.



Interstate Addresses:

SEND your order for Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Box 128C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 128C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR VELVET SOAP

"NOT A BREAK IN THESE 35-YEAR-OLD TOWELS"

says Aunt Jenny

A BIG SMILE FROM MRS. A. SIMPSON,
91 SAMUEL ST., ST. PETERS, N.S.W.,
AS SHE TELLS US HER VELVET SUCCESS STORY



"I MUST SHOW YOU these towels, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Simpson. "You'd never think they were 35 years old. I had them in my glory box when I married in 1912. Is it any wonder that I've never used any other soap but Velvet, or Mother before me!"



"AND THESE PILLOW SHAMS—I've had them for 33 years, thanks to Velvet," continues Mrs. Simpson. "And besides all the other wear they've had, I've used them as cot and pram covers for my own three children. Yes, and for 12 months on my little grandson's bed."

MRS SIMPSON HAS PROVED THE WORTH OF VELVET SOAP TO BUSY HOUSEWIVES SO TAKE HER TIP! DON'T RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN! IF YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE THIN SPINDLY SUDS YOU MAY HAVE TO RUB—BUT

WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY—SAFELY. ITS EXTRA-SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS AND YEARS.



Velvet Soap

Tune in every morning, Mon. to Thurs.
"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFESTORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

V/50.26

How about a Tasma Baby for your bedroom?



If you like listening in lazy luxury, give yourself the contentment of a mellow-toned, ear-soothing Tasma Baby . . . the perfect bedside radio.

. . . or perhaps the verandah?



You'll be spending a lot of time on your verandah this summer. You'll be entertaining there. You'll spend evenings there. Spend them with a Tasma Baby.



. . . and certainly for the kitchen!



"Music in the kitchen" dispels monotony. Even chores become cheerful. The wife who has a Tasma Baby for company is never lonely. Your wife deserves one.

Your nearest accredited Tasma retailer will be pleased to show you the complete Tasma Baby range.

Tasma

DETAIL-BUILT RADIO

THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD.

TAIL-17

*the Beauty
Nature
intended*



Frankly designed to emphasise
your beauty, to bring you the contours of youthful loveliness, a Berlei
brassiere supports — separates — uplifts. Hollywood — Maxwell — the
brassiere designed for film stars — made by Berlei.

Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

B9.FP



★ By inducing Better Internal Cleanliness, Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxina (self-poisoning) which is the cause of many ailments.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

★
COLOSEPTIC
(AUSTRALIA) LTD.

18 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.



**Make a date
with freedom**

Light-hearted, with confidence and poise, dance as you please in your slinkiest frock, dance with the freedom that Tampax brings. Tampax, worn internally, is safer, surer, more hygienic. Tampax means freedom at all times.

TAMPAX

TAMPAX LTD., MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND
Distributors: Hulseley Pty. Ltd., 15A

X MOTHER
rid your child
of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains castor oil, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly kills the worm usually whilst the child is sleeping, destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

DANDRUFF
Defeated!
Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "dig" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch.
1/9 Cake. All Chemists.
POTTER'S
DANDRUFF
SOAP

Fashion PATTERNS



F4874

F4874.—Spots for a trim, radically new frock for summer. Comes in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern 1/10.

F4875.—Soft and casual one-piece, with a plunging neckline and peplum-front skirt. Comes in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/10.



F4875



F4876



F4877

F4876.—Practical sunsuit for a small boy or girl. Comes in sizes 18in., 20in., 24in. length. Requires 11yd. 36in. material. Pattern 1/8.

F4877.—Smart simplicity portrayed in printed cotton. Comes in sizes 32in. to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/10.

F4878.—A housecoat with sweetly feminine appeal. Comes in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 6yds. 2in. ribbon. Pattern 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 45.



QUESTION: What to cook for dinner to-night? Something different, something tasty, and something that will make a hot, hearty meal?



ANSWER: Serve SAVOY! Delicious Savoy Macaroni or Spaghetti add Continental flavour to your menu—... are tempting, flavour-full, quickly prepared.



REWARD: And you're going to get full marks from all the family when you serve Savoy. First in flavour, texture, food value; always insist on

Savoy
NUTRIFOODS

**MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
AND OTHERS**

The Food of 50 Dishes
Note: Savoy Products are only sold loose

**Drink Craving
Destroyed**

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

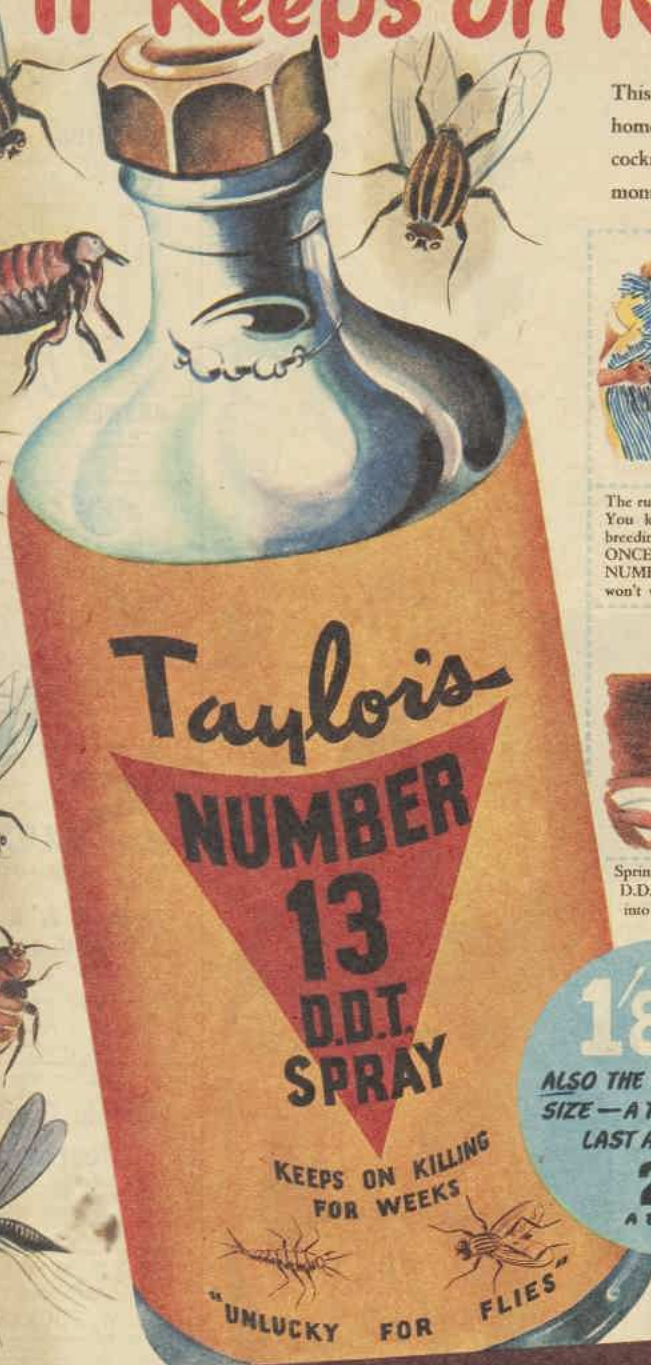
Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

SAXA
FREE RUNNING
SALT

fortuna
cloth

It Keeps on Killing for weeks!

This is the true miracle insect spray. You use it once a month and your home free of insects. It kills flies, silverfish, ants, moths of all kinds, mosquitoes, cockroaches, sandflies, fleas, bed-bugs and all other insect pests. Spray once a month—it keeps on killing for weeks!



The rubbish tin is where flies breed. You kill adult flies and stop all breeding when you spray the tin ONCE A MONTH with Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Spray. Rain won't wash it off.



Once a month, spray Taylor's NUMBER 13 on curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets, skirting boards etc. Bedrooms free of mosquitoes! The house free of silverfish! No more flies or other insects!



***VERY IMPORTANT**—Painting the sashes with Taylor's NUMBER 13, instead of spraying, prevents D.D.T. film appearing on the glass. Use the new method—PAINT it on the window ledges and frames.



Sprinkle Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Powder once a month into clothes cupboards, food cupboards, and under mattresses.



To keep your dog free of fleas and protected against ticks, dust him once a month with Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Powder. Happy dog—he can't bring fleas into the house any more!



Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Emulsion Concentrate kills such agricultural insect pests as codlin moth, thrip, mirids, harlequin bug, cabbage moth and others. (See details on label.)

1/8 A BOTTLE
ALSO THE FAMILY ECONOMY
SIZE—A FULL PINT TO
LAST ALL SUMMER!
2/11 A BOTTLE

INSECTS FLY OUTSIDE TO DIE

Any insect touching a surface sprayed with NUMBER 13 is doomed. It must die. But it does not die instantly—and, by instinct, it seeks to get out into the open air. Leave doors and windows open for fresh air. You will be surprised how few insects you will find indoors.



Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. PRODUCTS
SPRAY: POWDER: EMULSION



Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. POWDER
In the handy, purple tin with the sprinkler lid. Easy to use and safe on the human skin.



Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. EMULSION
CONCENTRATE
It mixes in a second. Then spray on trees, plants or vegetables as directed on the label.

Products of the Chemical Laboratories of
Taylor's Paints Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.
AT ALL STORES EVERYWHERE